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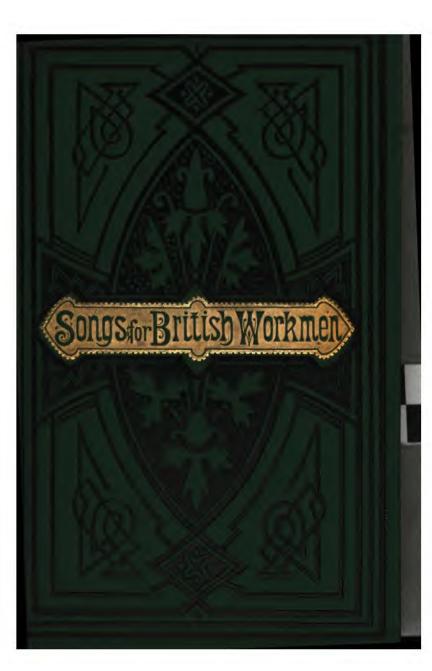
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COUNTRY LIFE.

"Some people like to live in towns, Stived up in courts and alleys; I'm very fond of country downs, And rural hills and valleys.
Some say they like to go to sea;
But a Country Life at he life for

## SONGS

FOR

# BRITISH WORKMEN.

 $\mathbf{BY}$ 

## BENJAMIN GOUGH,

Author of " Hymns of Prayer and Praise," " Lyra Sabbatica," &c., &c.

"Let me make songs for the people, and I care not who makes the laws."

London:
ELLIOT STOCK, 62, PATERNOSTER ROW, EC.
1876.

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## DEDICATION.

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## This Volume

OF

## SONGS FOR BRITISH WORKMEN,

IS, BY PERMISSION,

**DEDICATED** 

To that true friend of the working man,
The Editor of "The British Morkman,"

AS AN EXPRESSION

OF THE AUTHOR'S HIGH ESTEEM FOR HIS CHARACTER,

AND ADMIRATION OF HIS

INDEFATIGABLE LABOURS IN PROMOTING

THE WIDE CIRCULATION

OF PURE LITERATURE, IN A CHEAP AND ATTRACTIVE FORM, AMONG THE MASSES OF THE PEOPLE.

Woburn Sands, Beds, Decr., 1876.

• . . . . . •

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### PREFACE.

Ir cannot be doubted that a Nation's Character is formed and moulded by its Ballads and songs, and we need not go beyond Scotland and Germany for an illustration of the truth of this statement. Patriotism. love of country, and manly virtue, are the distinguishing characteristics of both nations, and all that is beautiful, brave, and good, is taught in their national Their laws repeat in prose, what they had before learned in the melting pathos of their Ballads and songs. England has had perhaps greater Poets than either Scotland or Germany, but England, properly speaking, has no National Songs, certainly none of which it may be said, they have formed, or helped to form, the National Character. The sea-songs of Dibden and others, have shaped our noble race of sailors into hardy seamen, and brave defenders of their country's flag, but how few are the inspiring Songs for soldiers; and fewer still, patriotic Songs, or rural Ballads, exercising any perceptible power for good on English Character and habits. And yet it is true that we have a super-abundance of Songs-their name is legion, but they are, for the most part—ephemeral, and their life is The young aspirant to drawingmerry and short. room patronage pours forth the notes of a popular Song, and is rewarded by a flutter of fans as applause, but were he called upon to recite the verses he has sung with so much unctious flavour, he would be ashamed to do so; not because he had given utterance to any improper sentiments, but because they were only feeble sensational twaddle. Much superior music has been wasted upon weak and prosy words. It may also be remarked, that these Songs in general are confined to the middle and upper classes of society, and instead of strengthening manly vigour of character, and brightening female virtue, they engender and encourage all that is artificial, peurile, and frivolous, lowering instead of raising, national character, so that christian people cannot join in their use without serious detriment to mind and morals. Of course there are many striking exceptions, but as a rule it will, nevertheless. hold good, that England has no National Songs.

If this be true with regard to the middle and upper ranks of society, where, we may ask, are the Songs for artisans, mechanics, and working-classes generally, including the "bold peasantry," whom Goldsmith describes as "our country's pride." Where are the songs which this large class may sing? Echo answers where? Can we justly blame them for singing what comes to their hands, most of them weak, though enlivened with the inevitable "tol de rol rol, &c." Many of them miserably worthless, and most of them decidedly vicious? England is emasculated and demoralised by the Songs she sings, whether among the high or low; not so much by the presence of what is bad, as by absence of what is good; and the words of many of our Songs are utterly unworthy of the music

The poet lacks the inspiration to which they are set. Where are English Ballads comof the composer. parable to Scotch, and where is the soul-stirring Song equal to that marvellous ode which fired the German soldiers with quenchless patriotism and indomitable courage during the late war, and led them on to victory in every combat until they became masters of France? It may be, however, that the fire of latent poetical power is smouldering in some youthful mind. and will break forth in celestial brightness at no distant day, in strains which will immortalise their author and shed a new halo of glory upon all that is noble and beautiful in our native land. The Author of the following "Songs for British Workmen," is not so vain as to imagine that he can supply the want, or write anything deserving the name of National Songs. these pages he writes mainly for the working-classes. The work originated in a suggestion made to the writer by one of the most indefatigable and distinguished among the real friends of working men, and the songs have been written, for the most part, during the last few months of 1875. The Author has aimed to inculcate some moral in every Song. If the reader will run over the titles in the index, he will see that the attempt is here made to elevate and dignify labour; to raise the working-man in the social scale; to emancipate the public-house serf; to recommend all that is virtuous and manly; to encourage the love of home enjoyment, and describe the delights of country life. and the beauties of the changing seasons, made free

for all those who have ears to hear the winning sweetness and melody of the Voice of Nature: to show that our ever gracious and Heavenly Father is always with us, and His tender mercies over all His works: to denounce idleness and intemperance, those twin curses: to instill loyalty and love of country; in a word to recommend all that is good and right, and raise the watchword against all that is evil and wrong in the every-day life of our noble array of artizans and working-men of every class in Town and Country. Songs may be sung by a Christian man without forfeiting his Christian character, in his family, at the workshop, and in the fields; they need no drinking accompaniments, nor the applause which is often emphasized by a pewter pot on a tap-room table. The Author deprecates and nauseates all such support. These are Home Songs for the family circle, where music and singing is cultivated and enjoyed as the handmaids of affection and love; where Sabbaths are hallowed and God's Word is read; and families of Father, Mother, and Children live in the unity of peace, "which compact when unbroken by discordant sounds, wraps the live-long day in one swell of tender emotion, making earth's lovely scenes resemble Heaven itself." working-men are the bone and sinew of England's material prosperity. May they be as much distinguished by virtue and loyalty, as they are by their mechanical skill, and never-failing perseverance,

BENJAMIN GOUGH.

## SONGS

FOR

## BRITISH WORKMEN.

## GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Up! loyal Britons, shouting,
As British Workmen can,
With one accord, none doubting,
But loyal to a man;
Raise the one anthem, singing
With manly faith serene,
Triumphantly outringing
God save the Queen.

The Queen! whose life is beauty,
In loving deeds enshrined,
Who makes a joy of duty,
Still to the poor inclined.
The gentle, tender Mother,
Whose leaf is ever green,
With kindness to another;
God save the Queen.

The Queen who weeps and pities
Her subjects in their grief,
At sea—in towns and cities,
And sends them swift relief.
In widowhood of sorrow
Her hallowed tears are seen,
God send a bright to-morrow,
God save the Queen.

Her sceptre—swayed o'er millions
Who bless her day and night,
Shines over grand pavilions
With Eastern jewels bright.
And in the wayside cottage
When winter's frost is keen,
Flavours the peasant's pottage,
God save the Queen.

Fair Liberty, immortal,
With Law goes hand in hand,
Waving o'er palace portal
Her banner rich and grand.
The Tyrant's reign is over,
Peace smiles in summer sheen,
From John O'Groat's to Dover,
God save the Queen.

The poor man now is able
To earn his daily bread,
A big loaf on the table,
His wife and children fed.
The sabbath bells are chiming,
The school is on the green,
And childen's voices rhyming,
God save the Queen.

We shake hands with our neighbour,
And peace and goodwill cry,
While industry and labour
Our growing wants supply.
Victoria's reign of glory,
When History paints the scene,
Will be a wondrous story;
God save the Queen.

Up! lock your hands together
And pledge a Briton's vow,
Be fair or foul the weather,
We'll firmly stand as now;
As husbands, fathers, brothers,
Let come what may between,
We'll swell the song with others,
God save the Queen!

## THE PATRIOT'S SONG.

Hurrah! for the land that we love,
For England, the queen of the sea,
The home of himanity's dove,
The refuge and rest of the free.
Old England gives laws to the world,
The sun never sets on her sway,
Whereever her flag is unfurled
'Tis to drive the fell despot away.

Old England, o'er far distant lands,
Wields the sceptre of justice and right,
And still her dominion expands,
With the progress of freedom and light.

Old England goes forth and explores O'er continent, island and wave, But among all her manifold stores Of wealth—she owns not a slave.

Her light shines all over the earth,
Her Bible speaks hundreds of tongues,
And, won back to kindness and mirth,
Barbarians join in her songs.
Her telegraphs girdle the globe
With the magic electrical wire,
The secrets of empires to probe,
And she sends them a message of fire.

Hurrah! for the land that we love,
Where Justice and Mercy embrace,
Wherever the Briton may rove,
Old England's his favourite place;
He is fond of his church-going bells,
And sweet children, who sport on the green,
But the strongest of all other spells
Is the Englishman's home, and the Queen.

#### CHURCH-GOING BELLS.

There are many rare sounds which fall on the ear,
And thrill through the heart in sweetness and power,
The nightingale's song, when summer is near,
And the blackbird and thrush, just after a shower;
But as long as old England is true to her creed,
And her sabbaths break softly o'er mountains and
dells.

There's no music on earth can ever exceed

The time-hallowed tones of her Church-going Bells.

With their delicate swells over woodlands and fells,
The time-hallowed tones of her Church-going Bells.

How bright is the sunshine on Sundays! how clear
Is the landscape, aglow with beauty and light,
And the deep sabbath silence speaks to the ear
Of rest and devotion from morning till night.
Round the family altar what a circle is there,
When the Bible is read, and the morning hymn swells.
And they rise up in joy from family prayer
To welcome the sound of the Church-going Bells.

So sacred, yet cheering, o'er mountains and dells, The time-hallowed voice of the Church-going Bells.

O, sweet 'tis to see how that magical call

Lifts the latch of the door, and throws open the gate.

The rich and the poor, and the great and the small

Come forth at the sound in gladness elate.

And grandsires, and matrons, and maidens unite,

And with groups from the school the multitude swells,

Dear old England has not a more beautiful sight

Than her thousands allured by the Church-going Bells.

Whose exquisite music o'er mountains and dells

Brings heaven to our doors with the Church-going Bells

And often the Bells ring out merry chimes,
At weddings and christenings we love them full well,
And when peace follows war, and at festival times,
And at death, ah! how sad is the funeral knell!
But in sorrow or joy there's no echo so sweet
Can enter the house where piety dwells,
Or make the glad heart with ecstacy beat,
As the sabbath call of the Church-going Bells.
In harmony sounding o'er mountains and dells,
There's a sermon for all in the Church-going Bells.

When afar off the emigrant seeks for a home,
In the lands of Old England across the broad seas,
Where Saxon and Celt in the wilderness roam,

And the axe of the woodman resounds on the breeze,. Soon the temple of worship uplifts its tall spire,

And deep in the woods where the Englishman dwells,

The family altar glows with its fire,

And the sabbath is there, and the Church-going Bells. Like music from heaven ring o'er mountains and dells, O, the beautiful sounds of the Church-going Bells.

At home or abroad, in city or town,
In village or hamlet, or on the wild moor,
From the palace so grand, and the Queen on the throne,
To the humble and poor at the cottager's door,
The sabbath brings blessings more precious than gold,
Our sorrows it cheers, and our cares it dispels,
Pure joy to the young, and Heaven's peace to the old,
Comes freely to all with the Church-going Bells.
So God speed their echoes o'er mountains and dells,
The time-honored sounds of the Church-going Bells.

## EARLY SPRING.

Up! in the Early Spring,
Before the sunrise glory;
Up! for the skylark is on wing,
Mounting the heaven before ye.
The southern breeze is whispering
Of brighter beauties coming,
And the woodland thrush is singing,
And honey-bees are humming.

Up! while the dew is shining
Like jewels on the grass,
And new-blown flowers entwining,
Shine on you as you pass;
Sweet Spring, with flowing tresses,
Comes down the mountain side,
And her loved footstep presses
The field-paths, daisy pied.

The gush of life returning
Runs through Creations veins,
And Nature—full of yearning
Awakes o'er hills and plains.
Streams from their icy capture
Leap, and of freedom sing,
Enjoyment swells to rapture,
The bliss of Early Spring.

Up! sleeper, from thy slumbers,
Drink in the pure delight,
The harmony of numbers
Thrills from each rural height;
Lift up your voice in blessing,
Lift up your heart and sing,
Earth smiles in heaven's caressing,
Up! in the Early Spring.

## SCATTER SMILES.

Try to keep a joyous heart,
And carry merry faces;
Virtue always will impart
A cure for sour grimaces.
Be your lives with gladness crowned,
Scatter Smiles on all around.

Some grim people never smile,
And they live complaining;
Cheerfulness will sweeten toil,
A good laugh's worth obtaining.
Like a flash of sunny glow,
Scatter Smiles where'er you go.

Never swear, or snarl, or scold,
Try soft words of kindness,
Power in gentleness unfold,
True love's born of blindness.
Don't see others' faults, but try
Smiles to Scatter far and nigh.

Try at home, your own fireside
Will ring with merry voices,
Quarrelling can ne'er abide
Where content rejoices.
Never will your husband roam
If you Scatter Smiles at home.

Try abroad, whoe'er you meet Give kind words and greetings; Shaking hands is good and sweet, And so are friendly greetings. As we journey day by day, Scatter Smiles along the way.

Nought below can equal love,
And every heart may know it;
Making earth like heaven above,
If people will but show it.
In all soils this seed will grow,
Scatter Smiles where'er you go.

#### BE CONTENT.

Up! man, be content with your lot,
Don't shilly and shally and shirk,
It's only the lout and the sot
That dream they can live without work.
They stand idle, or saunter about
In the alchouse, or lounge at the door,
And get up a fit of the gout,
Then grumble because they are poor.

Always late, and terribly slow,
They begin what they never complete;
And complain that their wages are low,
But never earn half what they get.
Poor lazy and mischievous elves,
Who wish to do as they like,
Being always in trouble themselves,
They lead others to grumble and strike.

Just look at the hard-working man,
Who jogs on from morning to night,
Keeps clear of the poisonous Can,
Is honest, and does what is right.
His home is a happy abode,
Where he sits with his babe on his knee;
On his conscience he carries no load,
But lives on, contented and free.

Then work on, and grumble no more,
Heaven's smile will lighten your lot,
There is sweet peace and plenty in store,
And songs of pure joy in our cot.
Our labour is freed from its curse
If you're upright towards God and towards man,
So shout for the blessed reverse,
And jog on as fast as you can.

Up! man, be content with your lot,
Don't shilly and shally and shirk.
It's only the lout and the sot
That dream they can live without work.
Be manly, and work while you can,
You'll prosper and save if you strive;
To buy your own house be your plan,
And your wife and your children will thrive.

#### SWEET MARY.

Of all the lasses I have seen
At church, or tripping o'er the green
With step so like a fairy,
There isn't one I care to know,
Or with her through the fields to go,
Compared with my sweet Mary.

She's modest as the blushing rose,
Whate'er she does—where'er she goes
I never knew her vary;
She looks so shy, and when we meet,
My heart goes pit-a-pat to greet
My own sweet darling Mary.

Within the house, or on the farm
She seems to me to bear a charm,
The mistress of the dairy;
Her butter is the village pride,
There's none through all the country side
Like that made by sweet Mary.

So coming through the yellow broom,
Just when the hawthorn was in bloom,
And nature bright and airy;
I told the love that filled my heart,
And there we vowed no more to part,
Me and my own sweet Mary.

True as the needle to the Pole
We courted, one in heart and soul,
Against temptations wary;
Love, virtuous love, destroyed all strife,
Pure love has made us man and wife,
Me and my own sweet Mary.

#### THE LINNET.

The Linnet is a merry bird,
When summer's smile is brightest,
Whatever songster may be heard,
The Linnet's song is lightest.
Hark! from the blooming hawthorn-bush
What cheerful strains of music gush.

The Linnet's nest is in the gorse,
Five speckled eggs are in it,
That's why he makes such soft discourse
To please his Lady-Linnet,
Who sits in patience day and night,
Till five young Linnets see the light.

Could I decipher what he sings,
And into English turn it,
Doubtless 'tis love, and loving things,
We might do well to learn it.
And husbands serenade their wives
Like Linnets, all their married lives.

Sing on unto thy lady-love,
Thou gallant little Linnet!
Sing on, such melting tones must move
And thrill the heart, and win it.
Still let thy mellow music gush,
Sweet Linnet, from the hawthorn-bush.

## THE WAYSIDE SPRING.

O stop and drink at this beautiful Spring, By the highway roadside flowing; Where in the palace of noble or king, Is purer, or brighter glowing! Beautiful Spring! for ever rife, Winter and summer sparkling with life.

Nature has scooped out a fountain for thee,
Skilfully sunken—deep and broad—
Gurgling and bubbling up merry and free,
This Spring by the side of the road,
Which says, as it swells and trails over the brink,
To all that pass by, "will you drink?"

There's a sloping bank at the back of the Spring,
Overhung by sweet briar, hazel, and sloe,
Where summer birds meet and joyously sing,
And wild flowers nestle and blow;
And the traveller rests in the shade of the trees,
Sung to sleep by the musical stream, and the breeze.

See the children escaping from school blithe and gay, Run down the hillside, right glad to be free, All to the fountain making their way.

Some lap with their hand—some drop on one knee; Drinking the water they make the air ring
With their shouts in praise of this beautiful Spring.

O stop and drink at this beautiful Spring, By the highway roadside flowing, Health and long life its clear waters bring, With God's blessing ever bestowing. Pure as the sunbeams—free as the light, Flowing for all from morning till night.

#### KIND WORDS.

Don't scold and quarrel,
Anger turns men blue,
Makes them sour as sorrel,
Bitter as wild rue;
Storming at each other
Is the ruffian's way,
Be you certain, brother,
Kind words win the day.

Of your fierce debating
What will come, who knows?
Envy, malice, hating,—
Often wounds and blows;
Flashing contradictions,
Burning oaths display,
And bold maledictions—
Kind words win the day.

Every curse and evil
Follows in the track
Of the fighting devil—
Sorrows deep and black;
Scars for life disfigure,
Blood not washed away
Clings with leprous rigour—
Kind words win the day.

Never cross your threshold
With an angry word,
But let love take fresh hold
Till your heart is stirred;
Stirred to warm affection,
Let your children play,
'Tis love's resurrection—
Kind words win the day.

Brother Workman, banish
From your fireside hearth
Sharp words—bid them vanish,
Strike up songs of mirth!
Kiss your wife, my Briton!
Make your children gay,
Love them all,—'tis written
Kind words win the day.

# WINDOW FLOWERS.

I have no garden where I live, My landlord says he's none to give, Only a little yard, and that Not big enough to swing a cat. And so, to cheer our gloomy hours, My wife and I grow window flowers.

This summer we've a splendid show In bloom, all smiling in a row, Both windows facing down our street, Look beautifully bright and neat. We find it sweetens all our sours To tend the lovely window flowers. Our house is small, but we're content, And never grumble at our rent, When the lot falls into our lap We'll find a better one, mayhap. Till then, the Crystal Palace bowers Arn't better than our window flowers.

We've China roses, always new, And blooming nearly the year through, Sweet briar, musk, and violet blue; And lovelier daises never grew; They open to the sun and showers, Which freshens up our window flowers.

The learned tell us, flowers in bloom Breathe out a health-giving perfume, Ozone they call it,—where they blow, Say they,—the fever cannot grow. No direful epidemic lours In houses which have window flowers.

My wife says she can fairly prove
That flowers teach calm content and love,
To quarrel were to breed a blight,
And blows would kill the flowers outright;
Who would not yield to such sweet powers,
And train and tend our window flowers.

They help to make us kind and good, And gentle words are understood; While looking on our flowers—we're awed, Their beauty is the smile of God: That blessed smile is daily ours, 'Tis God who sends us window flowers.

## THE WILD ROSE.

The Rose, the Rose, the wild, wild Rose,
In vernal beauty drest,
Where music-babbling streamlet flows,
Or willows wave in calm repose,
There, there thy bloom is best.
In boyhoods hour this gentle flower
Oft crowned my childhood's glee;
And even now, for Beauty's brow,
Sweet blossom, what so fair as thou?
The wild, wild Rose for me!

The Rose, the Rose, the wild, wild Rose,
I love its maiden hue,
Rich is the fragrance which it throws,
When sunrise on the mountain glows,
And gems its tears of dew;
Let others prize carnation's dyes,
And never dream of thee,
My humble lays of ardent praise,
Sweet blossom, I will ever raise,
The wild, wild Rose for me!

# MAN THE LIFE-BOAT!

Man the Life-boat! men of valour,
Rally at your Captain's call,
Shrink not with a craven pallor,
Brave the tempest, face the squall.
Launch the Life-boat, strive and wrestle
With the surging billowy wave,
Yonder see the sinking vessel;
Lauch the Life-boat! haste to save!

Launch the Life-boat! to the rescue,
In the offing lies the wreck,
Twenty souls will live to bless you,
Clinging now to mast and deck.
Hark! the signal-gun is firing,
See the flaming rockets rise,
Every manly heart inspiring;
Mark their shouting! hear their cries!

Courage comrades—forward dashing,
Nerve your arms—the fight maintain,
Thunders rolling, lightning's flashing,
Let not hope or effort wane.
God will help you—strive and cherish
Heart and hope and help to save;
Never let your brethren perish,
Snatch them from a watery grave.

Now we near them! shout and cheer them, Steady, comrades—throw a rope;
They are sinking, hear them, hear them, Shout and tell them there is hope.
Round the mast the rope's made fast, Still they struggle—still afloat;
One by one they come—at last
Every soul is in the boat.

Some are singing, praying, clinging, Pull, my comrades—ply the oar; Loud huzzahs, already ringing, Echo as we near the shore. Through the surf in stern reliance, O'er the breakers safely past; God our refuge and reliance, Saves us from the stormy blast. Moor the Life-boat, safely nearing,
Land the rescued ones with songs;
Join the chorus, aid the cheering,
Cheering from a thousand tongues.
Moor the Life-boat,—brave Commander,
Rest thee, with thy hero-crew;
Happy wheresoe'er ye wander,
God will bless and shield you too.

# THE QUARRYMAN'S SONG.

With a crowbar on my shoulder,
A chisel, and an axe,
I shape the granite boulder,
As though 'twere pliant wax.
To be a church foundation,
Or Hero-warrior's stone,
Uplifted by a nation,
To be for ever known.

I groove a chamber wide and large,
And lay a fiery train,
Then ram it with a powder-charge
To rive the stone amain.
A flash—a blast—a dreadful quaking,
And lo! the work is done;
Like earthquake-thunder shaking,
See the rifted rock of stone.

Then I wield my hammer and my axe,
And shape each shattered block;
And pile them up in giant stacks,
Won from the frowning rock.

I'm a Quarryman, and spend my life Battling with rock and stone; But always conquer in the strife, And my foes are overthrown.

# SIMON GLANVILL, THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Simon Glanvill,
Man of muscle—man of bone,
Smite thy anvil,
Mighty thou, like Samson, grown;
Wield thy hammer
With a strength that waneth not,
And with clamour
Strike the iron while it's hot.

Fire is showering
All around thee, every stroke,
Children cowering,
Hide them in the Blacksmith's smoke.
Swift descending,
Blow on blow with lightning speed,
Echoes sending
O'er the upland and the mead.

Red hot iron
Simon handles without fear;
Welds the tyre on,
Puts the waggon wheel in gear.
Melting—moulding,
Shapes the metal to his will;
Thus unfolding
The strange magic of his skill.

Crowds stand gaping
There for hours on wintry nights;
Sparks escaping
From the smithy's flashing lights.
Roaring—blazing,
Blow the bellows—belch the flame;
Quite amazing,
And beyond the rustic's aim.

Simon Glanvill,
Wield thy brawny arms to smite
On thy anvil;
Honest labour is thy right.
Bright and cheery,
Still thy giant's power unfold;
Never weary,
Turning iron into gold.

#### WONDERFUL SEA.

There are many grand sights of castles and towers,
And cities where millions walk through the streets,
Bright landscapes, adorned with woodlands and bowers,
Of beauty refined, and exquisite sweets;
But nothing on earth can ever compare
With the marvellous ocean, triumphantly free:
The earth has its wonders,—so has the air,
But what are they all to the Wonderful Sea?
Wonderful Sea! Wonderful Sea!
What is old earth to the Wonderful Sea?

I've clambered mountains enrobed in the cloud, And stood upon rocks where the bold eagle abides; I've climbed up to peaks where snow-drifts enshroud, And trod where the death-dealing avalanche slides. On the hot slopes of Etna I've wandered alone; On Vesuvius have stood,—in her terrible glee Belching tempests of fire, which reddened the zone; But all is eclipsed by the Wonderful Sea. Wonderful Sea, &c.

Make your way—make your way to the Bay of Biscay, When the storm is unleashed and the wind howls amain,

Heaving, and rolling, and flashing wite spray,
See! the mountainous waves, as if writhing in pain.
The lightning enwraps the wild waters in fire,
And thunders on wings of the hurricane flee,
And waves rise like islands, awful and dire;

While, trembling, I cry—"O Wonderful Sea!" Wonderful Sea, &c.

The mariners pray unto God. While the storm Shivers their masts, and hurls to the waves; Raging and swirling—appaling in form,
The ship and the crew sink down to their graves! Broken and rent like the toys of a child,
Whirled on the foam like the branch of a tree;
So sinks the ship where the mad waves have boil'd,
To the fathomless depths of the Wonderful Sea!
Wonderful Sea, &c.

Three-fourths of the world is ocean outspread,
And boundlessly rushing on, thousands of miles!
Who can think of the Sea without terror and dread,
Though sometimes 'tis calm and radiant with smiles.
It carries our navies for commerce or wars,
And yields fish by millions redundantly free,
And as heaven overhead is lit up with stars,
So diamonds flash in the bed of the Sea.
Wonderful Sea! Wonderful Sea!
What is old earth to the Wonderful Sea?

#### DON'T BE A DAWDLE.

Don't be a Dawdle, man!
Strike! the iron's hot!
Talkers like Mrs. Caudle, man,
Are sure to go to pot.
Chatter, chatter, chatter, man,
Will never come to good,
Make a wiser, better man,
Or bring your children food.

Tuck your sleeves up, working man,
At it, heart and hand!
Let there be no shirking, man,
Try and understand.
If you mean to make way, man,
You must push and strive;
Whether by the piece or day, man,
Work, if you would thrive.

Move a little faster, man!
Earn your wages, do!
You may soon be master, man,
And others work for you,
Bravely bear the brunt, man,
Leisures comes not yet;
Struggle to the front, man,
To the front you'll get.

Good hands get good wages, man,
Be master of your trade;
Travel all its stages, man,
Never be afraid.
Honest workmen never sink, man,
Always be upright;
Shun the poison-drink, man,
Go straight home at night.

Always honor Sundays, man, God gives weekly rest; Never keep St. Mondays, man, If you would be blest, Save up your earnings, man Against a rainy day; Then all life's turnings, man Will be a pleasant way.

Don't be a Dawdle, man,
Work while it is day,
Dozy, idle twaddle, man
Ends in swift decay!
Follow cheerful labour, man,
Learn to work and sing;
Husband, father, neighbour, man,
Happier than a king.

# BUCKLE TO!

Buckle to, my brother!
Buckle to! buckle to!
Don't expect another
To do his work for you.
Evil passions bridle,
Honest work pursue,
Never more be idle;
Buckle to! buckle to!

Don't stand there star-gazing,
Propping up the wall!
Puff—puff—puff, smoke raising,—
Answer duty's call!

Nothing's got by yawning, Smash that meerschaum, do! Up with early dawning; Buckle to! buckle to!

Round the tap-room table
Consciences are burnt;
Leave it, while you're able,
Ere its ways be learnt.
Put away the evil,
Leave the drinking crew—
Going to the Devil—
Buckle to! buckle to!

Noble work is labor,
Noble its reward;
A blessing to your neighbour,
And pleasing to the Lord.
Tuck your sleeves up, brother,
Industry pursue,
Heed not one nor t'other;
Buckle to! buckle to!

Labor's grand and glorious,
Profits large and sure,
O'er the curse victorious,
And its joys endure.
Jesus made it royal,
Jesus labor knew,—
Be to Jesus loyal;
Buckle to! buckle to!

Labor's manly vigour
Strengthens health and life,
Shapes us into figure
For fortune and a wife.

Make a mark, good brother, Something be and do, Heed not one or t'other; Buckle to! buckle to!

## HURRAH FOR OLD ENGLAND!

Hurrah for Old England!
The land of the brave,
Which tramples the despot,
But shelters the slave.
Hurrah for Old England,
Girt round by the sea;
Where freedom and law
Delight to agree.

This tight little Island,
Which governs the world.
When in Liberty's cause
Her flag is unfurled,
And swaying her sceptre
For justice and right,
She crushes the tyrant;
A Lion in fight.

Hurrah for Old England!
Which succours the poor,
And to orphan and exile
Wide opens her door;
To her shores come the banished,
The halt and the blind,
White or black, in her arms
A refuge they find.

Hurrah for Old England!
With her magical wire;
Who links to her chariot
Wild horses of fire!
Whilst her commerce extends
All over the earth;
And industry thrives,
And genius has birth.

Hurrah for Old England!
Where liberty dwells;
Her sabbaths we love,
And her church-going bells.
And good Queen Victoria,
O long may she reign!
Three cheers for the Queen!
From the land to the main.

# LISTENING TO THE THRUSH.

In the cool of evening,
Near a running stream,
Chanting its soft vesper,
Softly as a dream,
There, enwrapt, I linger,
Until daylight's flush
Melts in sunset beauty,—
Listening to the Thrush.

Overhead, wild roses Gracefully hang down, And the snowy hawthorn Smiles, the scene to crown; Through the verdant coppice,
Nature seems to hush,
Charmed and thrilled, like me,—
Listening to the Thrush.

See, the star of evening
Glitters in the west,
And the moonbeams shimmer
On the woodland crest;
Oh! what joys awaken,
Oh! what memories rush,
Kindling pure emotion—
Listening to the Thrush.

Buoyant still he sings!
Though night closes in;
Richer bliss inspiring,
Loftier tones to win.
From yon quivering aspen,
Streams of music gush;
I could stop the night through,—
Listening to the Thrush.

# SONG OF THE WALLFLOWER.

I'm but a common Wallflower,
And in April's early days
I open my best blossoms,
Beneath Spring's new-born rays.
The high-bred flowers around me
Will not bloom till I am gone;
But seal up all their beauties,
Till the Wallflower has withdrawn.

But I do my best to brighten
The gardens of the poor;
And I smile on kitchen border,
And by the kitchen door.
I live in nooks and corners,
Well nigh out of sight;
But I do my small endeavour
To make the spring-tide bright.

I climb on ancient wallings,
And up the old church-tower,
Among the owls and jackdaws,
Who like my yellow flower.
My lord has swept his flower-beds,
And the Squire has bid me go;
But I've clambered to the castle-keep,
And there, in peace, I blow.

I'm but a common Wallflower;
But the children love my bloom,
And for miles I scent the country
And the church with my perfume.
For the bees I bring new honey,
And I hear, at evening's hush,
Every night a song of thanks
From the nightingale and thrush.

# THE EARLY PRIMROSE.

I will sing to thee, sweet Primrose,
I have found thee by thy scent;
Thou art blooming in the woodland,
With April dew besprent.

Thou openest to the sunshine,
And the early spring-day shower;
And the children shout, delighted,
"The Primrose is in flower!"

In lovely clumps and clusters,
On bank, and hedgerow-side,
Wheresoe'er I wander,
I find thee, far and wide.
Sometimes a coppice covering
With rich and golden bloom;
Or smiling on the moorland,
In beauty and perfume.

I will sing to thee, sweet Primrose!
God's wild-flower, bright and free;
Nursed in the wintry tempest,
On common, green, or lea.
No summer rose is dearer;
Spring's promise, and Spring's dower
Come when the early Primrose
Unfolds to sun and shower.

# UNDER THE HAWTHORN TREE.

Under the Hawthorn Tree,
When lovely June was smiling,
Sat darling Jane and me,
After a long day's toiling.
The tree was in full bloom,
Glittering o'er field and lea;
And breathed on us perfume,
Under the Hawthorn Tree.

The evening star was shining
Like diamond, clear and bright,
With the odorous breeze combining,
To heighten our delight;
And showers of blossoms fell
On darling Jane and me;
Good omen—charming spell—
Under the Hawthorn Tree.

The nightingale was singing,
To welcome the moon's rise;
The far-off sheep-bell ringing,—
Stars twinkling from the skies;
And the silence scarcely broken
By the whispering river, free;
While words of love were spoken,
Under the Hawthorn Tree.

'Twas there the love-flame lighted,
And there we pledged our troth,
By virtuous love united,
'Twas there love bound us both;
Love made us one for ever,—
My darling Jane and me
Vowed never more to sever,
Under the Hawthorn Tree.

# THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

We ought to love our Old Arm Chair, Dear Grandfather oft rested there. When we were youngsters, full of glee, He used to take us on his knee, And nursed us with a tender care, While sitting in the Old Arm Chair. Dear Grandmother, a widow long, Sat there, amidst the youthful throng. In muslin cap, and poplin gown, The oldest matron in the town; At eighty-eight,—good—kind, and fair, She died in that dear Old Arm Chair.

There dearest Mother sat for years, And, in deep trouble, there shed tears. And, reading from the Holy Page, Kind Father lingered in old age; But both have now escaped from care, And no more fill the Old Arm Chair.

Yet there it stands, and close behind,
The eight-day clock they used to wind;
Both long-lived ministers of love,
And bygone joys we used to prove.
For many a hymn, and psalm, and prayer
Have echoed from the Old Arm Chair.

Still standing at our own fireside, We see the Old Arm Chair abide; And oft a sweet, soft voice we hear:— "Remember those who once sat here." We do, and all with filial care, Preserve the dear, dear Old Arm Chair.

# JOHN HODGE THE PLOUGHMAN'S SONG.

Let them talk as they please of the noble and great, Of emperors, kings, and sultans, and shahs, And blow the big trumpet of royal estate, With their wonderful show of papas and mammas. John Hodge makes his bow with the song of the Plough,

And tunes his old pipes that his song may be clear; For he sees that the world is forgetting it now,
And begs to remind them, the Ploughman is here.

O hear, then, the song of the wonderful Plough!
Which has peopled the world, and filled it with
wealth;

More powerful than armies, all will allow; The source of our food, the secret of health.

The well-polished Ploughshare has conquered the spear, Broken swords strew the fields which smile with increase;

With the Plough the voice of rejoicing we hear, And his victories are triumphs of love and of peace.

Were the Plough out of gear, the world would go back
To the barbarous ages of bloodshed and war,
And bordes of wild governs again how and back

And hordes of wild savages again hew and hack
Their foes—and renew the old murderer's scar.

If the Plough but lie still at the despot's strong will, Peace and plenty are banished—but wherever you roam,

If you hope to find freedom, o'er valley and hill, You must go where the peace-making Plough is at home.

I sing of the wonders the Ploughshare has wrought, O'er forests and prairies and deserts forlorn; Of islands and continents unknown and unsought, Now peopled by millions, and waving with corn; Of jungles, where lions reposed in their lair, And bog and morass where solitude dwells; But now, since the patriot Plough has been there,

We hear the sweet sound of church-going bells.

I sing of the Plough—the all-conquering Plough,
The founder of empires—the maker of kings;

"True liberty's friend" is writ on his brow,

Who fights without swords, and flies without wings.
'Tis the Plough which has turned the world upside down,

The friend of the honest—the foe of the knave;
Fair virtue and right are stars in his crown,
And the Ploughshare is digging tyranny's grave.

O, the Plough—the Plough! the wonderful Plough!
For thousands of years the life of the world;
From the day that Elisha was ploughing, till now,
The Gospel of work by the Plough is unfurled.
Millions on millions of acres remain

For the Plough to break up, and with harvests endow:

So we shout harvest home! and plenty of grain!
With three times three for the wonderful Plough!

# MY COTTAGE HOME.

My Cottage Home! my Cottage Home; I never, never wish to roam; For all that's dear on earth is there, My joy—my fondest love to share. My prattling children sing and talk, And meet me in the garden walk, And baby—waking from a doze, Waves both his little arms—and crows.

I live a bright and happy life, And love my children and my wife. My home, so cheerful, blithe and free, Is worth all other homes to me. We read the Bible morn and night, And pray to God to guide us right; And John and Mary both can say "Our Father," when we kneel and pray.

My garden is my pleasant pride,
The gayest round the country-side.
'Tis there I work in vacant hours,
And tend my fruit, and train my flowers;
And in the Autumn season go
With flowers and fruit to Merton show;
Returning home with village friends,
And prizes, which my Mary spends.

The sunshine flickers through the trees,
And softly sighs the sammer breeze;
The robin carols at my door,
And chirping sparrows by the score;
While in my porch, from light till dark,
With buoyant solo, sings my lark;
And the old water-wheel close by
Chimes in with calm monotony.

My Cottage Home! my Cottage Home! With gladsome step I go and come; My labour's lightened of its load; I rest within my dear abode. Loving, and loved,—my daily round With pure domestic bliss is crowned; Where'er I stray, or wandering roam, My heart is in my Cottage Home.

#### A SUMMER SONG.

Among the flowers I love to wander,
When the Spring and Summer comes,
Where the merry streams meander,
And the wild bee hums.
When the morning breathes its sweetest,
Just before the sunbeams shine,

Just before the sunbeams shine, And the skylark's wing is fleetest, And his song divine.

When the dew is brightly glistening,
Every grass-blade diamond clad,
And the silent heavens are listening,
Because earth is glad.
Glad with choral songs of praises,
Ringing out with rapturous glee;
And the beautiful field-daisies
Look and smile on me.

Waving woods shake out the scent
Of ten thousand flowers and trees,
Lovingly by breezes blent,
Over hills and leas.
The great pulse of life is beating,
Nature's bosom heaves with joy,
And all forms of beauty meeting,
Smile without alloy.

Among the flowers I love to wander,
Far away in fields and woods,
O'er Creations marvels ponder,
In her solitudes.
Breathe the breath of early morning,
Where the milk and honey flows,
And with radiancy adorning,
Tints the opening rose.

#### OUR BABY BOY.

Bring the darling Baby in!
Let me see his dimpled chin,
And the faintly flushing streak
Of a rose-blush on his cheek.
Such bright eyes! so free from guile,
Beaming ever in a smile.
Fathers pride, and mother's joy;
How we love our Baby Boy!

Only lately come to town,
All our other joys to crown.
Gentle as a cooing dove,
Beauty, innocence and love
All in harmony combine,
All in quiet lustre shine.
Father's pride and mother's joy;
Darling, winsome, Baby Boy!

Since he made our house his home, Neither of us care to roam. Baby reigns, supreme, alone, And our hearts are Baby's throne; And whatever else is done, Baby's wants stand number one. And his service is our joy; Precious, darling, Baby Boy!

Ever since our Baby came, Love has burnt with even flame. Baby taught us to be good, With an angel's power endued; So we sing, and kneel, and pray By his cradle, every day. Happiness, without alloy, We have with our Baby Boy. Source and centre of delight,
Loving weakness—infant might.
Moulding hearts to peace and love,
As the angels do above;
Holding in sweet bondage still,
Shape us, Baby, to thy will.
Father's pride, and mother's joy;
How we love our Baby Boy!

#### DON'T ENTER!

Don't enter my friend!

Outside you are safe, outside you are free,

Stand firmly! don't bend!

Be your law as firm as a Median decree. Outside good resolves and sobriety dwell, Inside is drunkenness, ruin, and hell?

Don't enter my friend,

Never cross that threshold of misery more; Stand firmly! don't bend!

You have broken the chain which at one time you wore;

"Just a glass!" says old Tubbs; but thunder out "No! No more to the house of the Devil I go!"

Don't enter my friend,

But run for your life, and keep out of the net!

Stand firmly! don't bend,

For doing what's right you'll never regret; The poison of asps and death's in the cup, Stand! stand to your colours and never give up! Don't enter my friend!

With your eyes wide open would you walk into hell? Stand firmly! don't bend!

The Devil will tempt, but God helps you do well; Your jolly old toper's—or publican's wit, Won't get you up from the bottomless pit.

## THE LIFE-BOATMAN'S SONG.

Launched on the sea, we fly through the surf,
Like a race-horse full gallop over the turf;
Row, comrades row, like an arrow in flight,
Though the waves roll on in mountainous height;
Sever the billows and dash through the foam,
See the lights in yon' windows which glitter from home;

See the ship in distress far out out on the main, Pull! comrades pull! lest your labour be vain.

The rockets are rising, and the blue lights flash, And rigging and masts are swept down with a crash. Hark! the signal gun utters its cry of distress, And the crew is on deck—press on brothers—press! Shattered and battered the ship will go down, Struggle, my brave ones, your labour to crown; We near it! we near it! to snatch from the grave, We come, with God's telegram—over the wave.

Throw a rope! throw a rope! lo! it falls to an inch, See! see! how they grasp it with desperate clinch; We shall save them! they come! one! two! three! four! five! God be thanked! they are all aboard and alive.

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So we shouted and cheered, and made for the quay, Where flambeaus and torches already we see; Hundreds are waiting in hope and in fear, Shout again! every stroke of the oar brings us near. Half a mile more and we are safe on the beach, A dozen more strokes and the landing we reach. Hurrah, shouts the crowd! hurrah! we reply; "Thank God we're safe landed!" the Mariners' cry.

#### THE MAN WITH A DOZEN FRIENDS.

Stop your talk brother! and now let me edge in a word, I'm not convinced by all that I've heard;
You say you are down—not a friend in the world,
Trampled on! to the deep of poverty hurled;
It isn't true, brother, you've as many friends as I,
And if you'd only use them, you wouldn't raise the cry.

I haven't any help from uncle, aunt, or cousin,
And yet I've friends enough, I count them by the
dozen:

Ten fingers and two arms are always friends in need, They stick to me and I to them, and we are well agreed; Your arms are folded—up with them! and show to earth and sky,

You've just as many friends comrade, as many friends as I.

With my fingers and my arms, I can plough and dig and sow.

I can fell a wood if I think good, and lay an oak tree low:

Without a botch I can make a watch,
I can dig for coal, and mine and delve,
While my fingers and my arms make twelve.
With a crow bar and an axe,I can blast and quarry stone,
And build a house, and better still, can make the house
my own.

I can saw and plane and hammer and weld, And the red-hot iron into shape is compelled; I can earn, and then carve a sirlion of beef, And collar a rogue and knock down a thief.

My twelve friends are faithful, when I walk, when I ride.

There are always six guarding me either side;
Whatever I do, and wherever I go,
I may count on their help, I certainly know.
But there's something they won't do—such as sit with a sot,

Where the bleary-eyed drunkard lifts up the pot; When they've worked a long day, its their joy and delight.

To go home to wife and children at night; And whether in sunshine, or temptests down pour, They never will enter a public-house door.

And I think brother, though your fortune is down, I saw you this morning come out of the "Crown."

Up with your arms, brother! once more let me see 'em, From your deep empty pockets its time you should free 'em;

Good work and high wages are yours if you're willing, Use your twelve friends, and you'll never want work or a shilling.

#### THE LITTLE STREAM.

Up on the hill top, oozing out drop by drop, My life was begun,

And for centuries past my course has been run; Half way down, on a day, I espied in my way,

A crabbed old rock, And I said, "Mr. Rock, my pathway you block,"

"Stop and wait!" said old Rock, "how dare you to knock?"

So I waited for years,

And grew to a lake made of patience and tears; But at last with a leap, I sprang down to the deep, All in darkness and shade.

And shouted, "See! see! I have formed a cascade!"

And it roars like the sea in terrible glee, And sparkles and shines,

A rainbow of diamonds sprung from the mines,

And rushing in wrath, has cloven a path

For the stream to flow on— Saying, "See what is done! what a victory I've won!"

Through the valley I flow—furrowing still as I go,
A brook wide and deep,

Through pastures alive with oxen and sheep,

With a dash and a bound I turn the wheel round, And the mill-pool is fed,

Where corn flour is ground, by which hundreds are fed,

"One word ere we part," said the stream with a start.

In the pool next the mill,

"There are scores of fine trout you may take if you will; "I'm not useless you see, but happy and free;

"Nor mean I to stop,

"Though the little stream begun life in a drop."

"Now I'm off," said the stream, "don't you catch the bright gleam

"Of a river ahead?

"And steamers and ships with pennons outspread;

"The river you see flows down to the sea,

"And all came from the drop "Oozing out at my birth-place on the hill top."

#### THE COTTAGE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

The Cottage Homes of England,
How beautiful they are;
In nooks and corners see them stand,
Dotting the country near and far,
Down to the ocean strand.
Sweet cottages of calm content
From John O'Groats to lovely Kent.

By hill sides on the upland height;
Down by the pleasant stream,
Where woodlands wave in joyous light,
And thrushes sing and poets dream,
When summer's smile is bright,
Where'er we stop, where'er we roam,
We find the English Cottage Home.

The garden border's all in bloom;
And climbing overhead,
The honeysuckles rich perfume,
Mingles with roses white and red,
And shades the cottage room;
While in the porch with fluttering wings,
The gentle skylark hangs and sings.

"Dada is coming," shouts a child,
And toddles out to greet him,
While baby screams with gladness wild,
And spreads his arms to greet him;
And mother's voice in accents mild,
With matron-love, makes daily toil,
Delightful by her placid smile.

The Cottage Homes of England,
Are happy homes indeed,
Where love is the strong household band,
And God is worshipped with due heed,
And cottage altars stand,
For morning and for evening prayer —:
God's blessing is for ever there.

## GNATS.

Dancing in the sunbeam,
Sporting in the light,
See the merry Gnats
Love what's clear and bright.
Life is evanescent,
Hours are short and brief,
So they make it pleasant,
Without pain or grief.

Born to-day—to-morrow
They will never see,
Death brings them no sorrow,
Life is joy and glee.
Skimming up and down,
Buzzing to and fro,
Gnats are always happy,
That is all they know.

# 44 Songs for British Workmen.

Dancing in the sunshine
Even gnats combine,
Thus to carry out
God's all wise design.
Gnats were made for something,
Who will dare deny?
And that something doing,
Sing, and dance, and die.

Shaped in groups artistic,
Instinct without flaw,
Moving all in mystic
Harmony of law.
All alive while living,
And their only strife
Is to hum thanksgiving
For their little life.

Human Gnats live grumbling,
Finding fault with God,
Disobedient, stumbling
All along life's road,
Higher far in knowledge,
Nobler in design,
Man is in rebellion
Against love divine.

Dance in the soft sunshine,
Hum your joyous tune,
Born for the enjoyment
Of a day in June.
Gnats are evanescent,
Hours are swift and brief,
But God makes them pleasant
Without pain or grief.

#### THE TIT FAMILY.

Mr. Thomas Tit
Is a lively fellow,
Black and white and green,
With a breast of yellow.
And a long and striking tail
Mr. Thomas carries;
To and fro it jerks about
Wheresoe'er he tarries.

Mrs. Thomas Tit,
Modest in apparel,
Sticks close to her little spouse,
They never seem to quarrel.
Thomas Tit is handsome,
Mrs. Tit is plain,
But her character is good,
Free from every stain.

Both are in a hurry,
Hunting for their food,
Always in a flurry
To find something good.
Up and down the branches,
On the rose-trees perching;
Still for knits and dolphin
Always they are searching.

And their habitation
Is well worth beholding;
Ruskin-like, their skill
Every year unfolding.
Comfort, taste, and warmth
In their nest we see,
And the doorway near the top
For security.

Twelve or fifteen eggs
Mrs. Tom Tit lays,
Bringing forth her young
In one-and-twenty days.
And, escaping capture,
Soon the happy pair
Lead them all in rapture,
Out to take the air.

O ye sporting gunners,
In your wanton fits,
Spare this happy family—
This family of Tits!
Mr. Thomas Tit,
Mrs. Tit his wife,
And the dozen little Tits,
Do not take their life.

Let them range the woodlands,
Happy as the day,
Sing their cheerful song of joy,
Make December gay.
Mr. Tit and Mrs. Tit,
Wheresoe'er you roam,
Come into my garden,
And make yourselves at home.

# OUR OWN FIRESIDE.

Midst earthly joys and all the toys
That worldly men seek after,
There's not a pleasure but it cloys
And mocks their hopes with laughter.

One place alone rewards our toil
Wherever else we roam,
Where sweet domestic virtues smile,
By Our Own Fireside at home.

The music-hall, and race, and ball,
And play-house glare delights them,
But the serpent's trail is on them all,
And the guilty conscience bites them.
A worm is gnawing at the gourd,
And their bliss is froth and foam;
But we find paradise restored
At Our Own Fireside at home.

The noisy room dispels their gloom,
And comic songs may please them,
Still misery is their daily doom,
And fiddlers cannot ease them.
The devil's golden dust may blind them,
New pleasures go and come,
But if you crave pure joys, you'll find them
By Our Own Fireside at home.

Then, comrades, raise a song of praise
For virtuous prince or peasant;
Home lovers have the happiest days,
And find life's pathway pleasant.
The merriest songs are household songs,
And the crystal palace dome
Can't match dear children's prattling tongues
By Our Own Fireside at home.

When labour's done and wages won,
Homewards my steps are bending,
For there's no place beneath the sun
Like home, where households blending

Are bound by holy love together,
With no desire to roam,
For all year round we've summer weather
By Our Own Fireside at home.

## AMONG THE FLOWERS.

Sweet is the labourer's holiday,
When with his wife and children gay
He walks for hours
Listening to Nature's "quiet tune,"
In lovely May or glorious June,
Among the Flowers.

The fields are bright in rainbow light,
Of green and yellow, blue and white,
And breathe their scent,
Wafted on every loving breeze,
From hedgerow flowers and whitethorn trees
In beauty blent.

The Children wander blith and free,
And sing and leap in childish glee,
Brimful of joy.
A blossom garland they have made,
And shouting wind it round the head
Of baby boy.

Beside a brook beneath the shade, By rose and honeysuckle made, Where sheep and kine, Cool in the shallows of midday, And we see sparkling trout at play, We rest and dine. The stream runs on with mellow gush,
While blackbird, nightingale, and thrush,
Their songs unite.
And overhead the skylark rings
His hallelujah as he sings
Floating in light.

Sweet is the labourer's holiday,
When wife and children blithe and gay
In summer hours.
Range the greenfields, and breathe the air
Of Kentish hills and valleys fair
Among the Flowers.

## MY GARDEN PLOT.

My Garden Plot is bright with flowers
Of every hue,
Watered by spring and summer showers
And early dew.
And cheered by sunshine's welcome hours.

My Garden Plot is my delight,
And there at dawn
I plant and prune with all my might
At springtide morn,
And strive to keep it clean and bright.

The clustering roses at my door
Are in full bloom,
And lovely jasmine yields a store
Of rich perfume,
My asters and a hundred more.

My climbing flowers wind up the trees
In matchless grace,
My honeysuckles scent the breeze
And fill the place
With odours—and the hum of bees.

My fruit-trees, now in blossom clad
Of pink and white,
Make all my little nook look glad.
'Tis quite a sight
To show whoever may be sad!

My Garden Plot is bright with flowers,
While at my door
A thrush is singing to the Flowers.
I ask no more!
Thankful, I pass my happy hours.

# MY PETS.

I'm fond of My Pets,
And so are my children and wife,
Old Jones says "They won't pay your debts,"
But they add to the joy of my life,
The alehouse and dramshop I shun,
Nor want I the music-hall's dome,
I have innocent music and fun,
My children, My Pets, and my home.

I'm fond of My Pets,
My dog, my magpie, and lark;
My Prinny deserves all he gets,
And takes care of us all in the dark.

From his dwelling he never will roam,
A housekeeper faithful and true,
He's the first to welcome me home,
And barks when his master's in view.

I'm fond of My Pets,
My magpie can talk very plain,
And says "How d'ye do, Mr. Betts,"
And "Good morning, to you, Mr. Payne."
"I wan't dinner," he shouts about one,
And "Any mackerel to-day, Mr. Bell;"
Then he asks "How old is the moon?"
And "I hope the baby is well."

I'm fond of My Pets,
My sweet lark spreads his fluttering wings
At sunrise, and when the sun sets
And most delightfully sings.
The magpie seems charmed with his song,
And dog Prinny ceases to bark,
While we listen and fain would prolong
The song of my beautiful lark.

I'm fond of My Pets,
And so are my children and wife,
Old Jones says "They won't pay your debts."
But they add to the joy of our life.
The alehouse and dramshop I shun,
Nor want I the music-hall's dome,
I have plenty of music and fun,
My children, My Pets, and my home.

# A LASH FOR THE WIFE-BEATER! \*

Where shall epithets be found For the yelping, two-legg'd hound? Ruffian, coward, cringing sneak, Who will trample on the weak, And in drunken fury rife Vent his vengeance on his wife?

Miscreant! wear the villain's ban, Dare not call yourself a man!
Man is noble, strong, and great,
You have lost his high estate.
From all manly virtues weaned,
A twin-brother to a fiend.

So! you only knocked her down, Bruised her black from foot to crown, Dragg'd her by her matted hair, Hurled her down the winding stair, Kicked her with a murderous thud, Danced upon her in her blood!

Only stabbed her in her breast, Hammered fiercely on her chest, Gouged her eyes, and broke her ribs— While your children in their cribs Saw you beat her with a stool— Weltering in a bloody pool!

Out upon you, base poltroon! Haggard cut-throat, heartless loon! Shall the vile garotters be

<sup>•</sup> Such cases and worse are almost daily reported in the papers.

Flogg'd, and wife-beaters go free? Justice! hold him in thy grip! Hold him—never let him slip!

To the jail-post bind the wretch!
Bare his recreant back, Jack Ketch!
Claw him with the nine-tailed cat,
Sure he will remember that!
Having caught the brute at length,
Hangman! now put forth thy strength

Give him twelvemonths fast in jail, Let him not of oakum fail; Flog him every quarter-day; Hold the scoundrel thus at bay; Nothing else will e'er abash— Nothing, but the hangman's lash!

## JERRY NASH.

Jerry Nash, they say,
Is a right down good fellow;
But he goes the downward road,
And I often see him "mellow."
He drinks morning, noon, and night
With mates that roar and bellow,
And I cannot deem it right
To call him a good fellow.

He earns large wages,

More than I get—quite double;
But he foams, and storms, and rages,
Always in debt and trouble.

Worse luck, he lives next door to me,
And last week there was a "session,"
A row,—a shindy—and a spree,
With a broker in possession.

"I'm going before the 'Beak'"
Said Jerry Nash—befuddled;
Earning three pounds a week,
Yet drunk, in debt, and muddled!
His goods were sold, and Jerry
Was sent a month to jail,
And 'twas anything but merry
To hear him swear and rail.

His wife is starving,
And four children street-wandering;
But 'twas all of his own carving,
And now he's time for pondering.
His goods cleared out and gone,
In his place another working,
His vile companions yawn,
All help or friendship shirking.

If men will drink,
And choose the taproom, ruin soon will follow,
The drunken roysterer must sink,
And pothouse friends are hollow.
Just out of "quod"—but not for long,
A jailbird, thief, all lean and yellow;
Take warning! here I end my song
Of Jerry Nash, the jolly fellow.

## LAZY JIM.

Lazy Jim's a horrid fellow,
I shun him when I can;
A moving ragbag, lank and yellow,
Quite unlike a man.
Hands are always in his pockets;
Certainly a strange whim,
For they're only empty sockets
For this Lazy Jim.

Lazy Jim is quite as able
As I am, to work;
He can make a chair or table,
But he means to shirk.
Three or four days murdered weekly
By this idle "limb,"
And his poor wife bears it meekly;
Such is Lazy Jim.

Thus he goes on, and carouses
With scamps just like himself,
Lounging days in public-houses,
The drunken, sottish elf!
All his children are in tatters,
His homestead cold and dim,
And his wife he kicks and batters,—
Such is Lazy Jim.

His poor wife and children grieving
O'er a fireless hearth;
Lazy Jim now goes out thieving,
Ruined—nothing worth!
Worse and worse he's daily growing,
All is one to him;
In same boat with burglars rowing,
Now see Lazy Jim.

Nabb'd at last! At the Old Bailey
Lazy Jim's convicted;
As his friends expected daily,
As his wife predicted.
Penal servitude at Dartmoor,
Labor fierce and grim;
Query, will he ever start more,
Or die—Lazy Jim?

## MR. RIGID!

Don't sit so near the milk, brother,
You'll surely turn it sour;
Have you had some trouble or other,
That makes the thunderstorm lour?
You look so frigid and rigid, brother,
To all in the grip of your power,
As if you would strangle your mother;
You do look so horribly sour.

Mr. Rigid's a savage old fellow,
As cold and as hard as a stone,
All wrinkled, and shrivelled, and yellow,
Like Iceland, he seems all alone.
Have you swallowed an iceberg, brother?
Have you got a frost in your heart?
You always appear in a bother,
And ready a quarrel to start.

The children can't bear you, old brother, Like rabbits, they ran when you came; See! they're whispering now to each other, For you drove them away from their game. Did you ever experience a thaw, brother, And warm up to love for a while? And will three months' notice do, brother, Three months to get up a smile?

Come, try to be genial, do, brother;
Light up your dull eyes with a glow,
For once speak kindly words, brother,
And some gift on the needy bestow.
Take a few lessons in laughing, brother,
And drill yourself daily and well;
You'll add twenty years to your life, brother,
And be happy wherever you dwell.

## WORK AND WIN!

Don't stand idling,
Slinking, sideling;
Go to work, man, do begin!
If you wish to crumb your dish,
Don't stand simmering
For the glimmering,—
Up! man, Work and Win.

Porridge gaining
When it's raining;
Crumb your dish, man, 'twere a sin
At the reaping
To be sleeping;
Hold your dish
For flesh or fish—
Up! man, Work and Win.

Don't stand mazing,
Moonstruck, gazing,
Hear the roar of labor's din;
No more shirk!
Up! man, work,
Grasp the prize before your eyes,—
Up! man, Work and Win.

Stop your grumbling,
No more mumbling
Of the trouble you are in;
People lazy, are all hazy,
Always dumpy,
Leaden, lumpy,—
Up! man, Work and Win.

It's no use, man,
On the "loose" man,
You'll dissolve to bone and skin;
Folly leads to melancholy,
And Dame Hubbard's
Empty cupboards,—
Up! man, Work and Win.

Verily, verily,
Merrily, merrily,
Goes industry. kith and kin,
With a wife to bless his life,
And children singing,
Romping, ringing,—
Up! man, Work and Win.

## DO YOUR NEIGHBOUR GOOD!

Doing good, and getting good
Is the end of man;
Not to sleep and gorge his food,
Nursing pipe and can.
Man were else a sorry elf,
An animal alone,
Centreing everything in self,
And all for number one.

Soon he petrifies, and grows
Harder day by day,
And all he does, and all he knows
Is in the stingy way.
All his nature is turned sour,
Ossified—in surly mood;
He has neither will nor power
To do his Neighbour good.

Up! my brother, try and make
Some anguished heart grow glad;
Not much money will it take
To cheer and help the sad.
Try it, and begin to-day,
Brighten some dark solitude,
Nothing given is thrown away;
So do your Neighbour good.

Speak a kind and soothing word,
Sympathy is sweet;
Unto some who never heard
Such words,—a hymn repeat.
Lift the fallen from the mire,
Heal some soul by grief subdued,
Go on, brother! never tire,—
O do your Neighbour good.

Who was He, so gently mild,
Loving all men everywhere;
Clasping in His arms the child,
Listening to the leper's prayer?
So did Jesus! follow Him,
Even in affliction's mood,
Let your light shine! never dim!
Love, and do your Neighbour good.

#### MEN OF SINEW!

Go, work ye Men of Sinew,
"Tis friction makes the man,
Show the world that life is in you,
By labour—that's the plan.
Don't live on gruel-caudle,
Half paralysed by sloth,
A spooney, and a dawdle,
While comrades call you both.

The world wants working people;
You lounge away your time
Like jackdaws on a steeple,
Cawing their sleepy rhyme.
That post will stand without you,
So will the Parson's fence;
Why, honest men will scout you;
The Beadle drive you hence.

Action will make you healthy;
Your stiff joints want some oil;
Its working men grow wealthy,
Who're not afraid of toil.

Come, trot out bones and marrow, Set arms and hands to work; Don't sleep in that wheelbarrow, As lazy as a Turk.

Strain every nerve and muscle;
Stretch both your crampy legs;
Real life is a great tussle;
But labor never begs.
You've brains, my brother, use them
To judge and reason right,
Don't muddle and confuse them
With drink, from morn till night.

See that poor sot! he's reeling,
And both his elbows out;
Once he had heart and feeling,
Now he's a drunken lout.
Blear-eyed, and blotched, and dirty,
And wallowing in the mire,
He's given up work at thirty,
Glued to the alehouse fire.

Work! like a man of mettle!
Your children and your wife
Need coal to boil the kettle,
And daily bread for life.
The "houseband" of your dwelling,
Let home be safe and sound;
And still, with ardour swelling,
Perform your daily round.

# SPEAK GENTLY, BROTHER.

Speak Gently, Brother; Gentle words subdue. Gentle words, alive with power, Fall like summer dew. Don't belch and bellow, brother, Like a fierce Bashan bull; Gentle words are strongest, Of persuasion full.

Kind words do wonders,
Melt and sway the soul;
People, when it thunders,
Lose all self-control.
They use the speaking-trumpet,
Shouting from ship to ship,
Don't raise your fist and thump it,
Speak with your tongue and lip.

Oft these tongue-corrupters
Flame out a dreadful oath,
Ringing hellish discord,
Which I hate and loathe.
Dogs may bark, and bite, and yelp,
But our noble mother tongue,
Does'nt want the Devil's help
To make it plain and strong.

So, Speak Gently, Brother,
Try! and soon you'll prove
Kind words have a magic power;
There's no resisting love.
With your wife and children,
First begin at home,
Then you'll be a man, brother,
Wheresoe'er you roam.

## NOTHING BUT LOVE!

In my cottage at home, there is Nothing but Love,
For we've banished all discord and strife,
And we try, by kind words and actions, to prove
The joys of a peaceable life.
Dear grandmother sits in an old arm-chair,
As placid and calm as a dove,
While we all try to bear and forbear;
So there's Nothing but Love—Nothing but Love!

We never allow a cross word to be said,
Frowns and scowls are always amiss;
And should one of the children in passion grow red,
It's all soon set right by a kiss.
Father and mother always look bright,
And we sing like birds in a grove,
We won't hear of quarrels, envy, or spite;
So there's Nothing but Love—Nothing but Love!

Morning and evening the Bible is read,
And its beautiful words heal like balm;
And the children all join when our prayers are said,
Then we strike up a hymn, or a psalm.
That's the secret of all our peace and content,
That's why we so cheerfully move,
In Love every heart is moulded and blent;
So we've Nothing but Love—Nothing but Love!

In my cottage at home there's Nothing but Love,
And sweet it is there to abide;
From the law we've set up we shall never remove,
And nothing can mar or divide.
It's heaven upon earth to live thus in peace,
We have not to seek pleasure, or rove,
Our bliss day by day is on the increase,
Where there's Nothing but Love—Nothing but Love.

Nothing but Love
From Monday morning till Saturday night,
And all day on Sunday we've rest and delight.
Nothing but Love—Nothing but Love!

## HAPPY BIRDS.

Happy, Happy Birds!
Ever on the wing,
Happy in your silence,
Happy when you sing.
Happy in the Spring-tide,
When the flowers unfold,
O'er the smiling landscape
Green, and white, and gold.

Happy in the summer,
Working all in love,
Singing with the wood thrush,
Cooing with the dove.
Full to overflowing,
Happy as the day,
Skimming with your nestlings
O'er the new-mown hay.

Happy in the Autumn,
Ranging fields and woods,
Soaring to the mountains,
Swimming on the floods.
Where the sickle flashes,
Where the orchard bends;
Round the homestead clustering,
Everybody's friends.

Happy in the Winter,
'Mid the snowy squalls,
Chirping at my lattice,—
" Not a sparrow falls
Without God's permission;
And the Happy Birds
All believe, rejoicing
In the blessed words.

Every woodland songster
Loves his sweet employ;
Chanting forth God's goodness,
Ringing out his joy.
Every seamew's calling,—
Every eagle's flight,
Is the Happy Birds'
Utterance of delight.

Happy, Happy Birds,
Gifts of love divine;
Cheerfully fulfilling
God's allwise design.
With *His* will harmonious,
Like the flocks and herds;
Ye must needs be happy,
Happy, Happy Birds!

## ROBIN REDBREAST.

Gentle Robin Redbreast, Singing all the year, Fluttering round the homestead, Whether bright or drear. Talking to the children, So the prattlers say, Chirping in the beeches Under which they play.

Perching on the window
When the snow is deep,
Looking in with sidelong glance,
Just as beggars peep.
Asking for some bread-crumbs,
So we understand;
Gentle Robin—tame enough,
Eats from Polly's hand.

In the Spring-time,—'mid the flowers,
Wreathing all around,
In some gnarly oak-stump,
Robin's nest is found.
Very snug and cosy,
Hidden from the eye,
Found, with five young Robins
Just about to fly.

In the waning Autumn,
'Midst the whirling leaves,
Robin Redbreast sings a dirge,
Robin Redbreast grieves.
Grieves for Autumn dying;
While the tempest strong
Rages,—so he sings
A melancholy song.

Songsters are all silent, Not a strain is heard In the bush, or birchwood, From any other bird. But my placid Robin Sits and sings alone; Very sweet monotony,— Sad, but welcome, tone.

So, gentle Robin Redbreast,
Singing all the year,
From palace door to cottage
Thou hast nought to fear.
Come, Bobby, to my window,
When for food distrest;
Everybody loves thee
In thy crimson vest.

## THE WILD HONEYSUCKLE.

I love the Wild Honeysuckle;
Its home is in country lanes,
And fragrant wayside hedgerows,
Where quiet beauty reigns.
Higher and higher climbing,
With the opening rose it wreathes;
What delicious odour
The Honeysuckle breathes.

Here, in an angle clustering,
A bright alcove of flowers;
Or there, in gay society,
Festooning Nature's bowers.
Kissed by the humming honey-bee,
When shines the summer sun;
Gracefully arching over
Where the streamlets run.

Birds love the Wild Honeysuckle,
And sing beneath its shade;
The placid moon shines on its bloom,
In mellow light displayed.
The stars look down in radiance,
When this fair flow'ret blows,
As though they scented fragrance
Superior to the rose.

I love Wild Honeysuckles
Wherever they are found,
Clasping the chesnut branches,
Or bending towards the ground.
They are God's flowers, heaven nestled,
In symmetry complete;
There are many flowers more gaudy,
But none on earth more sweet.

# THE TROUT STREAM.

Just beside the water-mill, Runs a pleasant Stream, Fringed by vernal meadows, Bright as poet's dream. Sparkling in the sunshine, Winding in and out, Full of curving eddies, All alive with Trout.

In my days of boyhood,
Many years ago,
By this stream I wandered,
In its crystal flow.

"Please," said I, "good miller, Let me fish hereabout,"

"Ay, my little man," quoth he,
"Come and catch some Trout."

Oh, the joys of angling!
In that pleasant brook,
With my rod of hazel,
And my home-make hook.
Soon hurrah! I shouted,
For, beyond all doubt,
I had hooked and landed
A golden spotted Trout.

O, the joys of angling!
On that summer day,
Twenty fish I carried
On my homeward way.
Trudging back, rejoicing,
The news spread far about,—
"Little fisherman has caught
A basketful of Trout."

Still, below the water mill,
Sings the running Stream;
And the old miller, dead and gone,
Still lives in memory's dream.
And oft, amid the city's hum,
And railway rush and rout,
I think of that day's angling,
And my basketfull of Trout.

#### THE POLLARD ASH.

I sing of the old, old Pollard Ash
That has weathered the stormy blast,
And the hurricanes rush and the thunder's crash,
For centuries gone and past.
O! the ancient ash which lives and grows,
Beautiful model of strength and repose.

Its trunk is hollow, this Pollard Ash,
With a doorway on one side,
And loopholes let in the sunshine's flash,
And there's room for a man to hide
Within the trunk of this wonderful tree
So old, yet growing so fresh and free.

This Pollard Ash has no lateral boughs,
And every branch is upright;
From the top of the trunk they spring up in rows,
In verdure and leafage bright.
And the summer breeze their beauty owns,
Whispering in soft and loving tones.

This Pollard Ash has a petrified bark,
Well nigh as hard as a stone,
Riven and gnarled by daylight and dark
For ages on ages unknown.
Great grandfather's grandfather stood in its
shade
For shelter when storms swept over the glade.

Hurrah! for the old, old Pollard Ash,
Whose roots strike deep in the soil;
May it never be riven by lightning's flash,
Or the woodman's axe despoil.
Still flourish and grow, O wonderful tree,
And live—Methusalah younger than thee.

## IN THE COOL OF EVENING.

In the Cool of Evening,
Summer's evening calm,
By the river, rippling
Like a holy psalm.
Sweet it is to wander
In the silent glade,
All alone, and ponder
On the lengthening shade.

In the Cool of Evening,
Sunshine, in the trees,
Tangled in the foliage,
Whispering in the breeze.
Sunshine on the river,
Silvering o'er its flow,
While the flickering shadows
Deepen still and grow.

In the Cool of Evening,
When the sun goes down,
Listening to the joy-bells
Ringing in the town.
Herded cattle lowing,
And the sheep-bell near,
And the evening star
Lit up pure and clear.

In the Cool of Evening,
Summer's evening bright,
Watching the grand sunset
Waiting the moonlight.
Tenderest thrills of feeling,
Highest flights of thought
Come in cool of evening,
All with beauty fraught.

#### A BOAT SONG.

Rowing up the river, on a summer day, Where green aspens quiver among the new-mown hay; Up the river rowing, when the water's clear, And the sunshine's glowing sparkles far and near.

On our oars reclining, we see down below, Golden trout are shining, darting to and fro, Fish by thousands mingle in the crystal deeps, 'Mid the shells and shingle, where the sunshine sleeps.

Rowing onwards stilly, with a gentle stroke, See the water lilies, which have just awoke From long months of dreaming, quickened into life By the sun's warm beaming, all in beauty rife.

Now, an angle rounding, a waterfall appears, Dashing, foaming, bounding, with its spray of tears, From the tops of mountains, rivulets, and rills, And earth's hidden fountains, rushing from the hills.

Yonder, where the billows smooth their snowy crest Underneath the willows, and in eddies rest, Nightingales and thrushes join their melting lay, And swans, among the rushes, in royal silence stay.

Rowing up the river on a summer day, Where green aspens quiver among the new-mown hay; Rowing up the river, Nature's song be ours,— Praise to God, the Giver of summer days, and flowers!

# COME, BEAUTIFUL SPRING!

Come Beautiful Spring, thy garlandry bring,
Of leafage and flowers,
And sweet alternations of sunshine and showers.
Come, Beautiful Spring, thy choristers bring,
Their concert to swell,
In pœans of joy over mountain and dell.

As thy footsteps advance, there is life in thy glance, And love in thy smile, Which brightens, our hope, and sweetens our toil. The lily of Lent, with its head meekly bent, And the snowdrops so white, With the crocus, in delicate clusters unite.

Along the green lanes, where solitude reigns,
The hedgerow is gay,
And primrose and violet, their beauties display.
The winter-bound wheat springs up at thy feet,
To welcome thee near,
And the icicle melts because thou art here.

O, Beautiful Spring! by peasant and king,
In palace and cot,
Thou art welcome to all, whatever their lot.
The winter is past, with its hurricane blast,
And snowdrifts, and gloom,
And the time of the singing of birds is come.

Thy life-giving power unfolds every hour;
While children, in throngs,
Cry "Welcome!" in innocent laughter and songs.
O, jubilant Spring! thy praises we sing!—
But our rapture is awed—
For the glory of Spring is the goodness of God.

#### THE SKYLARK.

The Lark mounts up at earliest dawn,
With dewdrops glittering on his wings,
In hasty flight from earth withdrawn,
And vaulting heavenward, soars and sings.
Basking in morning's virgin light,
And distancing the eagle's flight.

Up at heaven's gate, with notes of praise,
The Skylark sings his matin hymn;
And when he's lost to human gaze,
And his sweet song grows faint and dim,
Perchance he spreads his bucyant wing,
Poised where the watchful angels sing.

But now, the skylark and his notes
Are lost to hearing, and to view;
For now his feathered pinion floats
High in the bright, celestial blue.
A choral messenger from earth,
Joining in songs of heavenly mirth.

But hark! a fluttering sound I hear,
The Lark returns in downward flight,
Again his melody is near,
Again the chorister in sight,
With tireless wing, and sparkling breast
Drops, singing, to his lowly nest.

# SABBATH REST.

Welcome to our shady lane, Sunday morning's come again; Sunday in the summer's sweet, Shielded from the sultry heat. Sunday's welcome, Sunday's blest, Bringing purest joy and rest.

Streaming glory on the land, Sunrise was exceeding grand. When the early lark uprose Hymning,—hailing earth's repose, Sabbath joys to me were given, Like the lark, I rose toward heaven.

All my garden, gay with flowers, Smiles upon the sabbath hours, And my prattling children sing Infant hymns to Christ, the King. While the blackbird at our door Warbles, sweeter than before.

Clad in clean and neat array, Gratefully we kneel and pray. God is great; but God is good, He provides our daily food; Father, mother, children join God to bless, in hymns divine:

Softly, now, o'er hills and dells, Comes the sound of Sabbath bells. See, the friendly groups repair To the hallowed house of prayer; Hasten we with cheerful speed, Through the corn-field and the mead.

Blessed be the day of rest, Sabbath joys, and Sabbath zest. Earthly homes resemble heaven. When the Sabbath peace is given; All along the heavenward road, Sabbaths bring us near to God.

## A DAY OUT OF TOWN.

Away from the rush and the rattle of towns,
To the streamlet's gush, or the seaside downs,
From the dust and the heat, from the turmoil and
strife—

In squares, and in streets—of the working-man's life.

Away to the fields and the woodlands in bloom; What rapture it yields! how rare the perfume! One Day out of Town—in some rural retreat; The joy is unknown, and unspeakably great.

To dine out of doors, on the mossy hill-side, Where the cataract roars, and sheep-folds abide; To listen to birds which sing in the shade, And the lowing of herds which browse in the glade.

Along the green lanes to wander at will, Where quietude reigns over valley and hill; And breathe the pure air, and pluck the bright flowers, And with Nature to share her beautiful bowers.

How blue is the sky! and how bright is the sun! From each breeze floating by, fresh vigour is won; How charming the views, and coppice, and mead, Where beautiful views each the former exceed.

Away from the rush and turmoil of towns To the streamlet's gush, or the seaside downs; What pleasure it yields, ever buoyant and rife, Once a year in the fields, in a working-man's life!

#### HARVEST SONG.

Hurrah! for the full-eared sheaves!
Hurrah! for the waving corn!
Bright, sunny morns and eves,
And the joys of Harvest born.
Sickles are flashing in the sun,
And the shouts of Harvest have begun.

Hurrah! over valleys and hills,
Shout, for the Harvest has come;
Amid all the troubles and ills,
Peace and Plenty still visit our home.
A ray of joy around us is spread,
And the cottager now makes sure of his bread.

Hurrah! for the bountiful yield,
Enough for us all, God be praised!
He has blessed the hill-side and field;
Hurrah! that abundance is raised.
Hurrah! for the needy one, poor and forlorn
May join us, and shout, "There's plenty of corn!"

Hurrah! for the full-eared sheaves,
From mountain, and valley, and hill;
Let us shout, whosoever receives,
Hurrah! with hearty good will.
While the Harvest Song of thanksgiving swells,
To the waving of flags, and the ringing of bells.

# A-NUTTING WE WILL GO.

Out in the woods, A-nutting, A-nutting we will go; Out in the woods, A-nutting, Where the tall hazels grow. The harvest is all over,
And the corn stacks are in a row;
Out in the woods, A-nutting,
A-nutting we will go.

There's a bonny crop of nuts, they say,
And now they are ripe and brown;
So, when we shake the hazels,
The nuts fall showering down.
There are cob-nuts, ripe and ready,
Up in the woods, I know;
So, out in the woods A-nutting,
A-nutting we will go.

The weather's clear and sunny,
And the overhanging trees
Will shield us from the sunshine,
And fan us with the breeze.
Many a bushel of good nuts
In this broad woodland grow;
So, for our Autumn's holiday,
A-nutting we will go.

There's a stream of pure, soft water
Runs dancing through the wood;
Beautiful streamlet—ever
In bright and merry mood.
And when we're tired and thirsty
We'll rest where the streamlets flow;
So, out in the woods A-nutting,
A-nutting we will go.

## THE DEAR OLD CHURCHYARD.

I love the Dear Old Churchyard,
And there my vows renew,
Where my father and my mother
Sleep beneath the ancient yew;
O'ershadowed by the grey old tower,
Within sound of the bells,
Which have rung for generations
Over hills and woodland dells.

There both of them were christened,
And trained with pious care,
Confirmed before the altar,
And after, married there.
They lived and died true Christians,
Meek followers of their Lord,
And now they're joined in glory,
And share the high reward.

Sweet summer flowers are growing
In beauty on their grave,
Pledge of their resurrection,
Through Him who died to save.
And marks of pure affection,
And love that cannot die,
Until we meet in triumph,
And join beyond the sky.

'Tis blessed to remember
Their deeds of goodness done
The gentle, loving mother,
By whom our souls were won.
And father, noble, manly,
So firm, and yet so kind;
Their love, like climbing roses,
Around our hearts entwined.

When, in my earliest childhood,
I knelt at mother's knee,
And lisped my prayer, "Our Father,"
In pure simplicity.
Or sung of "Gentle Jesus,"
Or words of Scripture said;
And shared dear mother's kiss
When I lay down in bed.

Dear father, and kind mother,
I honour still your name;
While my warm heart beats faster,
And yields the love you claim.
And when life's toil is over,
And death—cold death is near,
I'll lay my bones beside you,
And calmly slumber here.

## MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

Oft, as I pace the busy streets,
Or wander far and wide,
There comes a gentle voice, which greets
Me, as I walk, or ride.
In crowded city—on the moor,
The sympathetic tear
Tells of the heartfelt love I bore,—
My Mother's Voice I hear.

She died when I was young and wild, O, how her loss I mourned; I was beloved,—an only child— But often she returned, And to my tender conscience spoke, In warning always near. "I must not sin," I said, and woke, My Mother's Voice to hear.

Delighted, midst the giddy throng,
And well-nigh won to sin,
Charmed by the melody of song—
A whisper spoke within,
And made me thoughtful, 'mid the flash
Of light—and filled with fear—
Lest I with her sweet will should clash,
When Mother's Voice I hear.

Now thirty years are past and gone
Since, weeping at her tomb,
We laid her in the churchyard lone,
And left her in its gloom.
But every time I pass her grave,
Her accent, mild and clear,
Re-echoes like the seaside wave—
My Mother's Voice I hear.

Calm, saintly monitor of youth,
Thro' earthly care and strife,
She follows still, with words of truth,
Through every stage of life.
Sweet is the memory of the dead,
Sweet Mother! ever dear;
Not vainly are thy words re-said,—
My Mother's Voice I hear.

## DOWN BY THE STREAM.

Down by the Stream, in a sweet valley,
It was my wont to rove,
And there I met my darling Sally,
And there we told our love.
As pure and fragrant as the breeze
That whispered softly through the trees.

With calm delight there oft we wandered,
And watched the setting sun;
And, talking of the future, pondered,
Till evening's starlight shone.
And softly-mellowed moonbeams fell,
And marked our shadows through the dell.

The stream made music through the meadows,
Like to a shepherd's lute;
And, as we watched the lights and shadows,
I played upon my flute.
And, lovely as the flowers in May,
My Sally sang a simple lay.

Down by the Stream, in a sweet valley,
We love to wander still;
Our children, like my darling Sally,
Grow up with gentle will.
And oft, beneath the moonlight beam,
We wander by the valley Stream.

# SONG OF A LABORER.

Labor's noble, great and grand, Glorifying sea and land. Wondrous things has Labor wrought; Head, and heart, and mind, and thought Labor owns, and guides aright,— All at work, and wreathed in light.

Labor gathered and unfurled God's great work—a new-made world; Moulded chaos, dark and void, Into beauty unalloyed. God, in goodness all benign, Worked, and Labor is divine.

God came down from heaven above, In exuberance of love, Wrought at Nazareth unknown, He, whom we our Jesus own—Labored in a rural town; Labor wears a royal crown.

Labor has re-modelled earth, Built her cities—lit her mirth; Made the wilderness to bloom; Filled her gardens with perfume; And, across the mighty deep, Labor's laden navies sweep.

Labor rears our temple towers; Makes our homestead's happy hours; Marble palaces arise; Peopled islands glad our eyes. Labor delves where, hid in night, Blazing diamonds flash their light.

Heaven above, and earth below, In the sphere of duty go; Rolling oceans, orbs of light, All obediently unite; Laboring at God's command, Guided by his sovereign hand.

Up my brother! tool in hand, Labor's noble, high, and grand; Only lazy idlers lurk; Honest men must live and work. Labor on, with cheery zest; God sends weekly sabbath rest.

## A SHORT METRE SONG.

I'm no grumbler,
I'm no stumbler
Over every straw;
But, like my neighbour,
I live by labor,
And obey the law.

I'm no touter,
Hyde Park spouter,
Such as labour shirk;
Idle never,
I move on ever,
Minding my own work.

I'm no slinker,
Sottish drinker;
Drunkards I despise.
The "Pig and Tinder-box"
Is a cinder-box,
Filthy as pig-styes.

There is no lack, O, Of bad tobacco; And its stenches. Where vile, lazy men Swear like crazy men, On dirty benches.

I'm for home-going,
Where sweet love's growing
Day after day.
Every day's high day,
Wife clean and tidy,
Children bright and gay,

Let me tell you, honey,
I'm saving money.
You're thin and lank, O,
I'm cool and steady;
Twenty pounds already,
Safe in the bank, O!

You'll be a gainer
If you turn abstainer;
Cut the drinking crew!
Though they call it jolly,
Drunkenness is folly;
So, begin anew!

## NEVER GIVE UP!

[A SUNDAY SONG.]

Never Give Up!
But, having started in the path of right,
Press forward bravely—do it with your might!
And struggle through the dawning, to the light,—
Never Give Up!

Never Give Up!
Soldier of Christ—go forward, sword in hand,
With manly courage, to your colours stand!—
O, never wear the recreant traitor's brand,—
Never Give Up!

Never Give Up!

Pleasure is vain, and gold but glittering dross;

Wear on your heart the blood-emblazoned cross.

And so win Christ; all other gain is loss,—

Never Give Up!

Never Give Up!
Follow your Captain, through the long campaign;
Who fights *His* battles, with his Lord shall reign,
Your smitten foes all scattered—routed—slain,—
Never Give Up!

Never Give Up!
So run as to obtain. Straight forward lies
The coronal, glittering before your eyes;
Away! away! the last step wins the prize!
Never Give Up!

Never Give Up!

Heed not fools laughter; let their gibe and jeer:

Spur thee to swifter running,—persevere! Soon shall the victor-song entrance thy ear,— Never Give Up!

Never Give Up!
O'er heart, and tongue, and lip keep vigilant guard;
He foils the foe who best keeps watch and ward.
Who struggles on, shall grasp the bright reward,—
Never Give Up!

### FOLLOWING THE PLOUGH.

Up, Charlie! drive the team afield,
Of rest I'm sure we've had enow;
The lengthening furrows kindly yield,
While I am following the Plough.

Four horses such as ours, can do
Their work—a good day's work, I vow.
Gee up! master may come, and view
While I am following the Plough.

Come, crack your whip! don't dawdle so!
Keep moving Charlie—show 'em how!
Keep straight—keep straight! howe'er you go,
While I am following the Plough.

The soil is light, the land is clean,
Now brush ahead, lad, down the brow;
To-day an acre's what I mean,
Merrily following the Plough.

Let who will 'spect our work, my boy,
They cant help praising, anyhow;
I've had full forty years employ,
My Charlie, following the Plough.

Rooks in the furrows, by the score, Are close behind me, feeding now; And sea-gulls gathering from the shore, While I am following the Plough.

Sweet sunshine cheers, and bracing air Has kept the wrinkles off my brow; And cheerful health has banished care, While I've been following the Plough.

I love the Plough, and often sing,
Though age begins my heart to bow;
I do what's right, and that will bring
Content, while following the Plough.

## THE BUBBLING SPRING.

In an upland meadow,
Underneath a beech.
Which gives welcome shadow,
Far as branches reach,
A Bubbling Spring arises,
Ever bright and clear;
Flashing new surprises
Of beauty, through the year.

When fair April blushes,
In her sunshine dress,
This small springlet gushes;
Pure in loveliness.
With primroses radiant,
And violets, white and blue;
Sparkling down the gradient,
Drinking early dew.

In Summer's drought still flowing,
Singing as it goes;
The Bubbling Spring keeps going,
Watering the wild rose,
Which, o'er the stream entwining,
Its graceful blossoms show,
With leafy hazel shining,
And waving to and fro.

When golden Autumn glitters
Far over hill and dale,
And robin readbreast twitters,
As summer glories pale,
The Bubbling Spring still sparkles,
When harvest songs are heard,
And the waning season darkles;
Still the sweet Spring is heard.

In Winter—when its snowing,
And wild storms are on wing,
The Bubbling Spring keeps going,
As merry as in Spring.
Unthought of—unfrequented—
Its voice is soft and calm:
While winter-violets, scented,
Breathe out their voiceless psalm.

### THERE IS SWEET LOVE AT HOME.

The tempest howls around me,
In many a bitter blast,
And troubles oft confound me,
And the sky is overcast.
But let what will befall me,
As sorrows go and come,
Though woe on woe befall me,
There is sweet Love at Home.

Sometimes, as dark clouds thicken,
And new disasters rise,
I mourn alone, heart-stricken,
And tear-drops dim my eyes.
No sympathy is shewn me,
The angry billows foam;
While shallow friends disown me,
There is sweet Love at Home.

'Mid hurricanes of anguish,
And ruthless storms of woe,
Forsaken! left to languish
Where only ill winds blow,
All joys are evanescent;
But this—where'er I roam,
Brings sunshine, warm and pleasant,—
There is sweet Love at Home.

So, trusting Heaven, unwavering,
And loyal to the right,
Even sorrow has a flavoring
Of pure and calm delight.
And all my heart-afflictions
Are mellowed as they come,
And changed to beneditions,
By Love—sweet Love at Home.

### CHEER UP!

Come, Cheer Up! long-faced brother,
And try to coax a smile;
One cheek's yellow, pale the other,
Rub in a little oil!
Your eyes are sunken sadly,
And a dim, dark opaque
On either side looks badly,—
Cheer Up! for goodness' sake.

Pray don't be always grumbling;
Whatever is in wrong!
A leaf will cause you stumbling,
You cannot get along.
This world you call, with scowling,
A howling wilderness;
Why, friend, you do the howling,
And make your own distress.

I never saw you frolic,
 I never heard you laugh;
You're suffering from the cholic,
 And fear you'll drop in half.
Are you dropsical—asthmatic—
 Have you water on the brain;
Or is it you're erratic,
 And like to be in pain?

Stop! stop! pray stop and listen!
This world's a pleasant world;
And though your eyes don't glisten
When beauty stands unfurled,
Yet millions, bright and cheery,
Are happy night and day,
Of singing never weary,
Whose joys know no decay.

Kind hearts, in loving duty,
Make love and labor sweet,
And gaze upon earth's beauty
In happiness complete.
In doing good incessant,
They're joyous all the year,
And make December pleasant,
Because bright Spring is near,

Then Cheer Up! sallow brother,
It's only man can smile;
And if we love each other,
'Twill add delight to toil.
Don't whine in abject sorrow,
But be what God intends,—
Happier each dawning morrow,
Until life's journey ends.

#### GO ON!

Go on—Go on—let honest truth
Be told, like music ringing;
Speak nought but truth in age or youth,
Its sounds rise, heavenward springing.
Spurn base prevarication,
And scorn the sniveller's plan;
Speak truth, what'er your station;
Go on—an upright man.

Go on—Go on—beginning's well;
But going on is better;
'Tis well to mean the truth to tell,
But then you're always debtor.

Set your first step firmly, man,
Be sure that you are right;
Then start upon your journey, man,
Go on—from morn till night.

Go on—Go on—denying self,
And virtue will grow strong;
Indulgence is a treacherous elf,
And slays a man, ere long.
But self-control is glorious,
The root of all that's good;
Be manly, be victorious;
Go on, your foe's subdued.

Go on—Go on—still resolute,
The prize of right pursuing;
You'd better let your tongue be mute,
Than vent the storm that's brewing.
Be silent—let the fire of passion
Cool down, and smoulder out;
Just opposite to use and fashion;
Go on—though fools may shout.

Go on—Go on—still keep your pledge,
Though drunkards roar and revel;
Don't let the thin end of the wedge
Again admit the devil.
A sober man's a noble man,
Then thunder out your "No!"
And never be bamboozled, man,—
Go on—straightforward, Go.

Go on—Go on—in labour,
With bounding heart, and free;
But never wrong your neighbour,
Or bow to man the knee.

God sends enough provision, And wills that all be fed; Go on, with firm decision, And earn your daily bread.

### SING WE MERRILY!

[A SUNDAY MORNING SONG.]

Husband, wife, and children join, Sing a sabbath song of praise; Sabbath blessings are Divine; Grateful anthems let us raise. Travellers on the heavenly road, Sing we Merrily to God.

Day of blessing!—day of grace!
Day of worship—day of rest;
God looks down with smiling face,
Makes His children doubly blest.
Jesus comes to our abode;
Sing we Merrily to God.

All the turmoil of the week
Ends in calm and holy peace;
Angel voices softly speak,
While the joys of earth increase.
And we lose our daily load,—
Sing we Merrily to God.

Hark! how sweetly ring the chimes,
Love's melodious call we hear;
Birds are singing in the limes,
And the house of prayer is near.
There, in lowly reverence awed,
Sing we Merrily to God.

God is Love, and Jesus died,
Friend of sinners, to restore
Eden, lost by sin and pride;
Heaven made ours, for evermore.
Praise Him, for His mercy shewed,—
Sing we Merrily to God.

Husband, wife, and children join, Lift your voices clear and loud; Sabbath sun, in glory shine! Blessed sabbath, without cloud, Gladden earth, around, abroad; Sing we Merrily to God!

# HAPPY SABBATH!

Happy Sabbath! at thy dawning
We sent up our songs to heaven;
Happy was the Sabbath morning,
Happy now the Sabbath even.
Hallelujah!
Joy on earth, and joy in heaven.

We have sung our hearts' thanksgiving, Kept Mount Zion's holy day; Peace and comfort all receiving, Joy which none can take away. Hallelujah! May the Sabbath influence stay.

Blessed Sabbath! pure and calm, Lucid interval of light; Morning brought its healing balm; Placid is the hour of night. Hallelujah! Jesu's smile is ever bright.

Blessed Sabbath! now declining, Softly as the breezes sigh; Still God's light and love are shining In our hearts, and He is nigh. Hallelujah! Rest we safe beneath His eye.

On the bosom of our Father,
Sink we now, in peaceful rest;
Us Thy sheep, Good Shepherd, gather
In Thine arms, supremely blest.
Hallelujah!

Grant, O Lord, our hearts' request.

Happy Sabbath! with the angels
We would mingle now our songs,
Shouting praise with God's evangels,
And the countless white-robed throngs.
Hallelujah!
End we thus our Sabbath Day.

### MY NATIVE LAND!

Don't sing to me of foreign climes,
And lands beyond the sea;
I see no beauty in your rhymes,
They have no charms for me.
Old England is the land I love,
Pray don't misunderstand;
I never did desire to rove,
Or leave My Native Land.

I tell you it's a love inborn
That holds my heart at home;
From morn till night—from night to morn,
I never wish to roam.
Good reasons I can freely give,
Pray don't misunderstand;
Why I desire to die and live
Within My Native Land.

Old England, home of brave and free,
Is twined around my heart;
There only, liberty, you see,
Dwells, never to depart.
In foreign countries men are bound,—
Marked with the Popish brand;
But here, fair liberty is crowned,
And rules My Native Land.

Old England, though our isle is small, The British flag unfurled Floats proudly,—ready at the call Of freedom, through the world. Old England fronts both friend and foe, And waves her magic wand, That peace and happiness may grow, And bless My Native Land.

Then stop your praise of foreign climes,
My heart you'll never wean,
By music set to doggerel rhymes,
From England, and her Queen.
Hurrah! for loyal English hearts,
For good, right nobly planned;
I've no desire for foreign parts,
I love My Native Land.

### AUTUMN MORN.

Very sweet and pleasant
Is the Autumn Morn;
When the breeze quiescent
Hardly stirs the corn.
And the sun appearing,
Grandly climbs the sky;
All creation cheering,
Shining far and nigh.

Very sweet the breathing
Of the virgin morn;
O'er the wild flowers wreathing,
'Mid the russet corn.

Waving like a billow, Ere the sleepers rise; Coming to our pillow, Beautiful surprise!

See, the dewdrops glitter
On a thousand leaves;
And the swallows twitter
Hymns along the eaves.
While the lark up yonder,
Out of sight has flown;
Gaze in joy and wonder,
Make the bliss your own.

Words, in slow rehearsal,
Bind, and wake in song;
Nature's universal
Anthem rolls along;
Forest trees, and rivers
Join with glad accord;
And the grass-blade quivers
Praises to the Lord.

Very sweet and pleasant
Is the Autumn Morn;
God the Omnipresent
Walks among the corn.
See the hills terrestrial,
Brightened from above,
Flame, in hues celestial,
Full of heaven, and love.

### THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

Hurrah! for my beautiful Christmas Tree!
O, isn't it grand.—a magnificent sight?
Others, they say—but I won't believe till I see—
Are as lovely as mine,—but it's envy and spite.
Mr. Good at the Park, he lent me the Tree,
It's a beauty, indeed, and ten feet in height,
And on it are fifty wax tapers alight;
Now! strike up a shout as soon as you see;
Hurrah! for my beautiful Christmas Tree!

It's loaded and crowded with gifts, as you see;
Hurrah! for my beautiful Christmas Tree!
It sparkles and shines within and without,
Quite enough to make the boys and girls shout.
There are crackers, and bon-bons, and puzzles no end,
And trifles for all who have money to spend;
And the colours, like rainbows, in harmony blend.
Above all, there's a print of the Queen, don't you see;
Hurrah! for my beautiful Christmas Tree!

Three cheers for the Queen, and the Prince and Princess,

Though they haven't called in, we don't love them the less;

We mean to be good, and merry, and wise,
And a holiday romp is the thing in my eyes.
And, to crown all the rest, there's a Bethlehem Star
Just lit, in the top bough, a present to me;
Isn't that, I would ask, worth coming to see?
How it flames,—as it shone on the shepherds afar—Hurrah! for my beautiful Christmas Tree.

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#### COUNTRY LIFE.

O how charming is Country Life!
Genial and sweet, in some rural retreat,
Away from the roar, and rattle, and strife
Of cities and towns.

Let them laugh as they please at the Countryman's ease,

And say we are bumpkins and clowns; Still the love of our hearts is to live where we are, And breathe the fresh air.

Where the concert of birds, without discord or jar, Heightens our bliss, and lessens our care.

All we see in the Country is real,
Beauty and joy, without any alloy,
Which the change of the seasons reveal,
And nothing can cloy.

The sunrise at morn, and the huntsman's shrill horn, The cuckoo's monotonous cry;

How thrilling the notes of blackbird and thrush Which floats on the breeze.

Bringing thoughts of heaven, with evening's hush, And whispers of peace through the trees.

O to walk through the Country lanes!
When the primrose blooms, and the violet perfumes,
And the buds expand as the winter wanes,
And the flower season looms.

And in summerly days, while harvest delays, To feast on the beautiful view:

O rapturous sight !—we pant with delight, Which soon finds a tongue

Midst the sunshiny calm, in a jubilant psalm, From a spirit made fluent for song. O how charming is Country Life,
Away over hamlets, uplands, and wealds,
Afar from the bustle of towns, and their strife,
Amongst the green fields.

If we do not hoard wealth, we're buoyant in health,
We don't envy the rich, nor pine to be great;
Our week-days are happy—our Sabbaths are blest,
And the laborer's cot

Is a Bethel of love, contentment, and rest; And so we thank God for our lot.

### A SNOWY DAY.

The orchards and woods are mantled in hoods Of delicate white; And flowery festoons of beauty unite. On mountain and moor, and down to the shore, Wherever you go, To marshes or downs, there is nothing but snow!

Standing under the birch, see the tower of the church, Where drifting winds blow,
Is robed to the top in a surplice of snow.
And the ringers would fain ring out their refrain,
And in Christmas rejoice;
But the beltry and bells are muffled in ice.

Deep silence obtains,—in her winterly chains All Nature is bound; And even at midday we hear not a sound. The flocks and the herds are mute as the birds, And the husbandman's toil, And the laborer's hand, must be idle awhile. The sheep on the wolds are gathered in folds
While the winter is hard,
And the oxen are tended and warm in the yard.
O'er the cliffs and the heights, see the wild-fowl in
flights,
By hunger opprest,
On wing sweep away to the south and the west.

The mill on the hill goes round with good will,
And yonder, the train
Has conquered the snow, and is running again.
So this winterly day may be cheerful and gay,
If well understood;
God sends it in love, and 'tis working our good.

## MOTHER'S FUNERAL KNELL.

Many years have passed away
Since my dearest Mother died;
In my childhood's youngest day,
With my earliest griefs allied.
And, in sounds remembered well,
Still I hear her Funeral Knell.

In my youthtide, fair and bright,
All the summer flowers in bloom,
Mother was my chief delight,
Sweeter than the flowers' perfume.
Kindling love words cannot tell,
Still I hear her Funeral Knell.

Home-bird, Mother, like a dove,
Quelled our strifes, and lit our joys,
Breathing gentle words of love,
Love, which never droops or cloys.
All my heart's emotions swell,—
Still I hear her Funeral Knell.

How I sobbed, and wept aloud
Bitter griefs beyond control!
When I saw the mourning crowd,
When I heard the church-bell toll,
Like death-thrusts each accent fell;
Still I hear the Funeral Knell.

Since that day, to memory sad,
Flowers, sweet Mother, mark thy grave;
Now the church is ivy-clad,
And the dark yew-branches wave
Over where her ashes dwell;
Still I hear the Funeral Knell.

Never can I cease to love
Her, who loved me as a child;
Till I die, I live to prove
Love to thee, sweet Mother, mild.
And, across the wooded dell,
Still I hear the Funeral Knell.

## SONG OF A TOTAL ABSTAINER.

Blessed, blessed be the day,
When the pledge I signed;
All my troubles passed away,
And I got peace of mind.

Until then I was a slave,
And wore the landlord's chain;
Nabal Lush, the arrant knave
Who chiselled all my gain,

Ten years and more his chains I wore,
Roaring drunkard I,
Quarreled, brawled, and fought and swore;
A nuisance, far and nigh.
Pawned my tables, chairs, and bed,
And lived a wretched life;
Neighbours' horror—children's dread,
I beat my loving wife.

What few 'traps' I had, I broke 'em,
Then was sent to jail;
And in prison, picking oakum,
Howled the drunkard's wail.
Bleary-eyed, and scarred with wounds,
To lowest depths I sunk;
Staggering my daily rounds,
Muddled—fuddled—drunk!

In thirteen years, I count the sum
Five hundred pounds, at least,
Spent in beer, and gin, and rum,
To make myself a beast.
But when I was out of work,
And money out of joint,
Nabal was the first to shirk,
And wouldn't trust a pint!

Now my fortune is restored, My character regained; Everything has prospered Since I first abstained. Wife and children, home and hearth, Were blasted, while I drank; Now we join in fireside mirth, With money in the bank.

Happy, Happy was the day,
When the pledge I signed;
We have sabbaths now, and pray,
And I have peace of mind.
I'm a free man, now, and save
More than I lost before,
Nabal Lush, the arrant knave,
Shall chisel me no more.

### THE PEASANT'S SONG.

Breathing the pure air of morning,
The Peasant rises with the lark;
At the farm-yard cock's shrill warning,
Or the faithful watch-dog's bark.
Nature, smiling in her beauty,
Cheerful thoughts and songs invite;
Happiness is linked with duty,
And joy comes with opening light.

Who so happy as the Peasant?
Up to see the rising sun;
Glorious weather, bright and pleasant,
Night is ended—dawn begun.
Now the eastern sky is blazing;
See! the monarch of the day
Flames in grandeur, all amazing,
Climbing up his heavenward way.

'Tis the Peasant stops to listen
To the early song of birds;
Sees the sparkling dew-drops glisten;
Hears the lowing of the herds.
Nature, in her first rehearsal,
Sings to him her artless lays;
When her song is universal,
Morning's virgin song of praise.

When the harvest-fields are waving,
And the rosy orchards bend;
Earning wages then, and saving,
Peasants to their labor wend.
While the lazy folk lie sleeping,
Peasants o'er the uplands roam;
Cheerful with a month of reaping,
Then come shouts of harvest home.

Peace and plenty, joy and gladness,
Wife and children clothed and fed;
Why should sorrow come, or sadness;
God will give us daily bread.
Then in every week we've one day,
Day of rest, and love, and peace;
Thank God for the blessed Sunday,
While our comforts still increase.

Breathing the sweet air of morning,
The Peasant rising with the lark,
At the farm-yard cock's shrill warning,
Or the faithful watch-dog's bark.
He's the only happy Peasant
Who's content, and loves his home;
Thanking God for blessings present;
Trusting God for days to come.

### OUT OF TOWN.

Far away from courts and alleys,
In the Spring and Summer days,
Hie we to the hills and valleys,
Where the lowing cattle graze;
By the hedgerows—where the rose
And sweet honeysuckle grows.

Through the fields all gay and radiant,
Where the cheerful daisy smiles;
And, across the hillside gradient,
Through the buttercups for miles;
Flashing with a golden hue,
Gemmed with morning's early dew.

Through the country lanes a rover, Gathering violets, blue and white; Through the fragrant fields of clover, Bathed in sunshine, pure and bright. Resting in some coppice dell, Where the songs of thrushes swell.

And the cuckoo's voice is sounding
Overhead, triumphant notes;
While the skylark, heavenward bounding,
Quivering sings, and upward floats.
Lying down, I watch his flight,
Till he's lost to sound and sight.

Wandering on, beside a river, Where the water-lilies bloom; Willows bend, and aspens quiver, And the hawthorn's sweet perfume Wafts in mild and mellowed scent, With a thousand odours blent.

Far away from courts and alleys,
Thus I breathe the country air;
Over bracing hills and valleys,
Bright, and beautifully fair.
Where I pluck the wild, wild rose,
And the honeysuckle blows.

### WHEN AUTUMN WANES.

When Autumn wanes in country lanes,
In beautiful October,
There lingers still, o'er vale and hill,
Sweet radiance, calm and sober.
Young morning's flush, and evening's blush,
Are welcome bright and cheery;
And Cynics only—sour and lonely,
Call lovely Autumn dreary.

The golden hue which charms my view,
O'er wood and coppice shining;
Effulgent, bright in sunny light,
Entrancing, and refining.
Thrills through and through my heart with new
And rapturous emotion;
Like lark in Spring, my joy takes wing,
And sings in pure devotion.

The country lane may well enchain
Nature's most ardent lover;
While Autumn smiles, with witching wiles,
O'er coppice, brake, and cover.
Though leaves are falling, and storm-birds calling,
The never-silent robin,
With love's endeavour, sings on ever,
And sets my heart a-throbbing.

The withering leaves, are full eared sheaves
Which bounteous Autumn reapeth,
And then lies down in russet gown;
She is not dead, but sleepeth.
The wintry strife shall melt in life;
And snow, and frost-drift hoary
Are Nature's swoon, succeeded soon
By living Spring-tide glory.

When Autumn wanes in country lanes;
And beautiful October,
Royal and queenly, walks serenely,
And scanty flowers enrobe her.
Let valleys sing! let hill-tops ring!
And echo field and river;
For corn abundant, bread redundant
Shout thanks to God the Giver!

### WE MISS HIM!

We miss Him!—our sweet, darling Fred,
The joy of his mother, and me;
We can scarcely believe he is dead,
So lately he sat on our knee.

So suddenly taken away;

His prattle still rings in our room;

All innocent laughter to-day;

To-morrow—he sinks in the tomb!

We miss Him—the patter of feet
Is no longer heard on the stairs;
The lispings which children repeat;
The smile which the countenance wears.
The infantile hymn sounds no more
On our ears, with its charm, and its spell,
Which thrilled both our hearts to the core
With rapture, that words cannot tell.

We miss Him,—no more shall we hear
When he calls "Dada" from his cot;
How he stood up, when father came near,
And said "Do take up your own little Trot."
Mother loved him intensely, I know,
And screened him from dangers and harms;
And he struggled and shouted to go
And nestle secure in her arms.

We miss Him,—and weep in our woe;
Stern death o'er our pathway has crossed;
Our dearest possession below,
The child of affection—is lost.
Our darling, our jewel, is gone;
The star of a morning so clear
Has been in a moment withdrawn,
To shine in a glorified sphere.

### BUSY BEES.

The hum of the Bee is music to me, When, early in Spring, It spreads to the sun its gossamer wing; When the gorse and the broom are golden in bloom, And breeze-waving fields Are fragrant with flowers, in uplands and wealds.

From the home of the hive, where the Bec-workers thrive,
The drone must withdraw;
Expelled as a rebel, by order and law.
On the throne is the queen, in dignified mien;
Her courtiers around
Pay homage to her whom the nation has crowned.

The Queen of the Bees sends out her decrees, And governs in state A tribe, which is made by loyalty great. Every Bee issues forth to the south and the north; Queen's messengers they, Bound to bring their sweet load at the end of the day.

Over the sanfoin, in crimson arrayed,
And clover so sweet,
By myriads they roam, in the midsummer heat.
'Mid the heather and thyme, and where wild roses climb:

Where the fruit-blossoms glow, And the beautiful hawthorn blooms, white as the snow.

They sing up the mountains, and cover the hills, These velvet-backed Bees; They swarm in the orchards, and people the trees, And cheerily float, with their monotone note, From morning to night; Their task is their joy, and to work, their delight.

Live and work, Busy Bees! we shall learn by degrees What, by instinct, ye know;
That order and law bring heaven down below;
That duty well done yields comfort unknown;
And virtue will bring
Power to labor like bees, and work while we sing.

### THERE'S A GREAT STORM BREWING.

There's a Great Storm brewing;
Earth is gloomy, heaven is black;
Dark clouds, evermore renewing,
Roll up on each other's back.
Thunders in the distance growling
Close, and wrestling, seem to clash;
The deep, hollow winds are howling,
And the forked lightnings flash.

Nearer—nearer—nearer!
Come the storm-clouds; deeper gloom
Makes the blazing lightnings clearer,
Flaming with the fires of doom!
Awful thunderbolts are falling,
Yonder monarch oak is riven;
Shivered by a force appalling,
And before the tempest driven.

Floods of rain descending,
Sweeping hail, and blinding sleet,
Mingle in one terror blending,
Make the hurricane complete.
Rivers rush in wild commotion,
Swelling cataracts leap and flow;
All impetuous to the ocean,
Spreading ruin as they go.

Terrible! sublime! amazing!
Shaking earth, and darkened sky;
See the fearful lightning blazing,
Hear the thunder's dread reply.
What is man? his strength is weakness;
Who can with the Almighty cope?
Lord! we kneel in childlike meekness;
In Thy mercy is our hope.

See, the black clouds are rifted,
Sunshine breaks, in smile divine;
On the storm-clouds far-off drifted,
See the lovely rainbow shine!
Calm, unutterable breathing,
Love, and light, and peace is near;
Summer evening flowers are wreathing,
And the thrush's song I hear.

## DON'T MARRY A MAN THAT SWEARS.

Don't Marry a Man that Swears, Be he a lord, or a swain; He's good for nothing who dares To take God's name in vain. Very soon he will swear at you, And stand for no repairs; Swearers are a cowardly crew; Don't Marry a Man that Swears.

All Swearers are hand in glove
With smoking and drinking;
Strangers to virtuous love,
Always sinking, sinking.
While others get on in life,
They are always tumbling down stairs,
Starving children and wife;
Don't Marry a Man that Swears,

Who Swears will lie at a pinch;
Gentlemen never swear;
Only poltroons who clinch
Their lie with an oath, as a pair.
Rowdies with spendthrifts agree,
And with drunkards go shares;
Ye maidens, resolve to be free,—
Don't Marry a Man that swears.

He's a low fellow outright,
Though a long "Ulster" he wears,
And the ring on his finger is bright;
Give him the "cold shoulder" who Swears.
Keep your finger clear of his ring,
Never be caught in his snares;
Only ruin and woe he can bring;
Don't Marry a Man that Swears.

### A HEDGEROW SONG.

Roses are entwining
With honeysuckles sweet,
In the Hedgerow joining,
Fragrant and complete.
Ever softly swaying
To the southern breeze,
Modestly displaying
Nature's graceful ease.

All along the Hedgerow
Wild flowers brightly bloom,
Down to where the sedge grows
In the valley's gloom.
Flowers of rainbow hue
Beautifully bright,
Meet and charm the view,
Revelling in light.

Hawthorn blossoms flash
Breathing odourous breath,
Where the mountain ash
Ever flourisheth.
Here the fox-glove bloweth,
Lovely bell-shaped flower,
And where the stream floweth
Water-lilies cower.

Hedgerows are beautiful
When summer smiles;
Every tree is musical,
Harmony beguiles.
Joyous 'tis to ramble;
Birds are in full song
On brake and bramble,
Sweetly all day long.

#### SONG FOR SPRING.

'Tis sweet to wander in the fields When Spring her flowery harvest yields, And blossoms garland every tree, And beauty smiles in all we see. Sweet flowers to me, and sweeter sent With soft caressing breezes blent.

The honeysuckle and the rose
Entwines where the pale hawthorn blows,
And ranks of chesnuts pink and white,
Welcome the genial sun and light.
Sweet flowers to me, my heart grows fond,
To your bright smiling I respond.

Sweet birds from every brake and bush Make music, soft as streamlets gush; While merry larks on buoyant wing, Soar upwards to the clouds and sing. Sweet birds to me, I love your voice And with a psalm of praise rejoice.

The placid river flows along, Rippling monotony of song, And through the glittering streams, Runs noiselessly as poets' dreams. Sweet streams to me, sweet rivers glide, With joys new born on every tide.

The cattle on the mountain crest, Lie down to ruminate and rest; While playful lambs upon the wold Join in their gambols in the fold. Sweet lambs to me so blithe and free, In lamblike innocence and glee. The woods are vernal, and the hills Melodious with a hundred rills, And trees in clumps, like gathered bands, Lift their tall tops and clap their hands. Sweet Spring to me, where all is rife With glowing beauty and young life.

#### THE CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN.

I know a Fountain,
Bubbling bright and free,
Up yonder mountain,
By a cedar tree.
There the traveller weary
Stops to drink and rest,
Then goes onward cheery,
With a joyous zest.

Oft for meditation
I have climbed the hill,
From this elevation
Drank of bliss my fill.
And, though I grow older,
'Tis my wont to climb,
And on this old boulder
Mark the flight of time.

Up this steep gradient, On this mossy stone, Beautifully radiant Has creation shone. Softly flows the river
Through the far-off vale,
Where the billows quiver
To the loving gale.

Overhead the cedar
Waves with graceful sweep;
And here without a leader—
Gather thirty sheep.
While an ancient raven
Slow descending, comes
To the cedar's haven!
And the wild bee hums.

Flow on, O bright Fountain, Glittering in the sun, Never leave this mountain, Never cease to run. Spring up ever sweetly, Far from worldly strife, Emblem, flowing meetly, Of eternal life.

# THE COWSLIP.

The Cowslip is a modest flower,
In lonely valleys growing,
Not often seen in lady's bower,
Or lauded in the festive hour,
In pride of beauty glowing.
And poets—when their harps are strung
Have seldom of the Cowslip sung.

The Cowslip is a lovely flower,
On barren soils it springeth,
Beneath the sunshine and the shower,
The bleak moor claims it as its dower,
Paid when the skylark singeth.
Sweet time of year, which soon takes wing
When Cowslips blow and skylarks sing.

The Cowslip is a cheerful flower
In solitary places,
Joyous when the tempests lower,
Its yellow tint has magic power,
And shines with winning graces.
There always breathes a rich perfume,
Where'er the Cowslip is in bloom.

The Cowslip is a welcome flower,
And found in spots untended,
Where tender lambkins sport and cower,
And winter spends his latest hour
Uncared-for—undefended.
Yet welcome to the young and old,
Sweet Cowslip with its cups of gold.

## COME AND HEAR THE LINNET SING.

Come and hear the Linnet Sing
In the whitethorn tree.
Hark! what notes of music ring,
Charming melody!

A pure streamlet trills along Underneath the tree, Mingling with the Linnet's Song, Quiet harmony.

Full of bloom, the whitethorn tree
Lifts its snowy crest;
Breathing odours rich and free,
By the breeze carest.
While the village joy-bells ring
Over hill and lea,
Come and hear the Linnet Sing,
In the whitethorn tree.

Midst the blossoms of the thorn
Is the Linnets' nest;
So he sings from early morn
With a loving zest.
Lady Linnet spreads her wing
O'er her family;
Come and hear the Linnet Sing
In the whitethorn tree,

'Twixt the cloud-rifts, sunshine bright
Flickers through the boughs;
Happy in their new delight,
And their tiny house.
Pleasure, like a gentle spring
Still inspires new joy and glee;
Come and hear the Linnet Sing
In the whitethorn tree.

Bird of gray and modest mien, Bird of fluent song; Grateful for the summer sheen, Still thy joys prolong. Jubilant as morning's wing,
Over hill and lea;
Come and hear the Linnet Sing
In the whitethorn tree.

# SONG OF THE STREAMLET.

Beautiful silvery wanderer!
Who windest thy sweet way
Through flowery meads, still warbling:
A soft and quiet lay.
By the shadowy wood—tall waving
Its green ancestral plumes,
And the hedgerow, where the daisy
Breathes out its meck perfumes.

Adown the sloping hill,
And along the valley deeps;
Laving one side of the old church walk
Where the mantling ivy creeps.
Through the broad park of the rich,
By the castles' oaken door;
And chanting the same quiet tune
By the cottage of the poor.

Beautiful silvery wanderer!
For ever fresh and free,
Why do'st thou seek the river;
The river seeks the sea.
Sweet Streamlet! would'st not rather
In thy rural home abide,
Than rush to the Atlantic,
And foam on Ocean's tide?

Beautiful wanderer—go not.

The flowers that fringe thy way
Would surely die of love,
And the tender grass decay.

The drooping willows love thee,
And the wild-winged birds would pine.
Beautiful Streamlet—go not
From this quiet home of thine.

## THE VOICE OF THE SEA.

Voice of the mighty Sea,
There is glory in thy sound;
Like the roll of infantry;
Deep, terrible, profound!
Like a call from distant lands,
Or the far-off gush of songs,
Or the shout of victor-bands,
From a hundred thousand tongues.

Voice of the mighty Sea,
Thy whisper is a storm,
A hurricane thy majesty,
Arrayed in awful form.
When thy mountain-billows roar,
Even the thunder is unheard;
And tremblings seize the shore,
At the terror of thy word.

Voice of the mighty Sea,
The mariners call aloud;
Each to his God doth bow the knee,
And fears a watery shroud.

Wilt thou not hear, O Sea?
Down—down in thy surgy caves,
Must the hapless mariners be
Dashed to their graves?

Voice of the mighty Sea,

There is One who can quell thine ire,
And bid thine agony

Of wrath, in calm expire.
He hath slept in thy maddest storm,
Thy billows He hath trod
When He wore a mortal form;
Peace babbler! 'tis thy God.

#### SWEET SUMMER DAY!

Sweet Summer Day! I saw thee dawn,
In golden glory from the east!
The morning star had not withdrawn,
Nor had the night-bird's warbling ceased.
The sun uprose in flaming might,
While all creation owned his sway;
And Nature throbbed in new delight,
To welcome thee, Sweet Summer Day.

Sweet Summer Day, fields, pastures, woods, Wild hedgerows, and the sunny brooks, And lovely moorland solitudes, And silent, unfrequented nooks, All feel thy presence, and thy power Brings life with every sunny ray; The husbandman's reward for toil Comes with thy light, Sweet Summer Day.

Sweet Summer Day, whose air is health.
Sweet Summer clouds, and gentle rain;
Broad acres, ripening in their wealth
Of bending orchards, and rich grain.
The sun sinks grandly in the west,
And daylight slowly melts away;
O man! so bountifully blest,
Praise God for this Sweet Summer Day.

### SUMMER MORNING.

Clustering round my window,
Roses red and white,
In beautiful profusion
Open to the light.
Gracefully entwining,
On this Summer day;
While the sun is shining,
With his earliest ray.

Shining in my window,
On this glorious morn;
Shining on the roses,
Shining on the corn.
All Creation waking,
Lovely as of yore;
Golden smiles are breaking
As the clock chimes four.

Opening now my window,
The rich odourous breathing
Of morning, fills my chamber;
While the roses, wreathing

Round and round my casement, Swayed by the soft breeze, Seem to say, "For this we bloom, Sight and sense to please."

Underneath my window
Are jasmine, and white pinks,
And the fragrant lavender
The dew of morning drinks;
While roses, all commingling,
Gay and brilliant shine,
Roses round my window
Lovingly entwine.

Clustering round my window,
Roses red and white
Waft their sweet perfuming;
And, filled with calm delight,
I sing at my bedside,
With soul and body's powers,—
"Praise God for the sunshine,
Praise God for the showers!"

# SONG OF THE HEARTSEASE,

I'm a little Heartsease,
A very common flower;
But I gently grow, and sweetly blow
In the sunshine, and the shower.
I can live in any corner
Of the workman's humble plot;
Or I dwell in royal gardens,
Contented with my lot.

I'm told they call me Heartsease
Because I look so bright;
For my head is always buoyant,
And my heart for ever light.
I've learnt how to be happy,
I can spring on any soil;
And so they say I'm always gay,
And, looking up, I smile.

I've seen people drest in velvet,
And all aglow with gold,
With miserable faces,
Quite painful to behold.
And I cry "Fie," as they pass by,—
"See how kind God is to me;
My life is joy, without alloy;
Heartsease is blithe and free."

Sometimes the sick and suffering,
With tear-drops in their eyes,
All pale and meek, with sunken cheek,
And trembling step, and sighs,
Stop to behold me, all in bloom;
And I sing them a sweet song:—
"'Twas God made Heartsease beautiful;
And God can make you strong."

I am a little Heartsease,
And I'm merry all the year;
I never cry, I never sigh,
I never grieve or fear.
In sunshine I'm all radiance;
Even tempests make me thrive;
My happy look can't be mistook,—
Little Heartsease—all alive!

So look at little Heartsease,
And learn to love, and smile;
And let your kindness lighten
The weight of others' toil.
God always smiles,—look cheerful,
And smile on all around;
'Tis thus that little Heartsease
With happiness is crowned.

# TO A DAISY, ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

Though the day is dark and hazy,
On a sunward slope I see
One sweet, modest little Daisy;
And it seems to smile on me.
Open'd in its simple beauty,
Waiting for the sunshine ray;
Deeming it a Daisy's duty
To be glad on Christmas Day.

All around the snow is lying;
But, on one small patch of green,
Where a southern breeze came sighing,
My own Daisy sprung between.
Fully blown as in the summer,
Lovely in its pale array;
Welcome, beautiful new-comer,
On this happy Christmas Day.

May I take thee, guest unbidden, To the feast of Him new-born; And, with scent of heart-myrrh hidden, Offer thee, this joyous morn? Thou, wild Daisy, blooming sweetly, Like the Star of Bethlehem's ray, Shinest, in thy whiteness, meetly, Smiling upon Christmas Day.

## A COUNTRY LIFE FOR ME!

Some people like to live in towns, Stived up in courts and alleys; I'm very fond of country downs, And rural hills and valleys. Some say they like to go to sea; But a Country Life's the life for me.

They say that poets live upstairs,
High up—fifth storey back,
With one deal table, and two chairs,
And sleep upon a sack.
Great men, mayhap, these poets be;
But a Country Life's the life for me.

Let such as like it live in smoke,
And water drink that's soupy,
Dwell in a room with windows broke,
Rheumatical and croupy,—
I'll catch the train that sets me free!
For a Country Life's the life for me.

The public-house doors stand all ajar,
And the people seem mad for drinking;
They rush to the play and the music-hall bar,
Which brings ruin, to my thinking.

They turn night to day, and call it a spree; O, a Country Life's the life for me!

Let such as choose it live in towns;
I breathe the sweet air of dawning;
Take an early walk across the downs,
At sunrise in the morning.
A Country Life is pure and free,
So a Country Life is the life for me.

The Spring-tide is the time I love,
And the smile of coming summer,
To hear the cooing of the dove,
And the cuckoo, swift new-comer,
And gather wild flowers on the lea;
A Country Life is the life for me.

Our village has no playhouse near,
And we don't keep St. Mondays;
We have our flower-show once a year,
And go to church on Sundays.
And we're happier than the town folks be;
So a Country Life is the life for me.

## THE MAN THAT DRINKS.

Ye maidens of old England,
The Briton's pride and boast,
Arrayed in modest beauty
Around our sea-girt coast,

Be on your guard, fair maidens! Against the smiles and winks Of fast young men, and never Marry a Man that Drinks.

If your young man's a tippler
Who stands at alehouse bars,
With dirty pipe, he'll soon be ripe
For matrimonial jars.
You're safe for blows and kicking
While in his cups he blinks;
Give him the cut!—and never
Marry a Man that Drinks.

He'll gouge your eyes, and break your ribs,
And smash your china ware,
And like a fiend by Satan weaned,
He'll drag you by the hair.
He won't come home till morning
From drunken brawls and jinks;
Ye English maidens! never
Marry a Man that Drinks.

He'll starve you and your children To keep his brazen hags,
Nor leave you fire or candle,
And you'll be clothed in rags.
Your beds, and chairs, and tables
The bailiff, Mr. Finks,
Will seize and sell,—O never
Marry a Man that Drinks.

It's bad for soul and body
To wed a drunken lout;
A brute must be unmanly,
Whether at home, or out.

Down—down you're always going, For wife with husband sinks; Ye English maidens! never Marry a Man that Drinks.

Send him a note this morning!
Keep freedom while you may;
You'd better have no husband
Than throw yourself away.
Marry a man that's sober,
Who works, and reads, and thinks,
Who has signed the pledge—but never
Marry a Man that Drinks.

## THE HONEST MAN.

My choicest friend's an Honest Man;
In manhood, age, or youth
It's always been my constant plan
To love and speak the truth.
I highly value such a friend,
We're brothers of one clan,
And stick together to the end;
I love an Honest Man.

The man who means whate'er he says,
And says just what he means,
Who cannot squint and look two ways,
And falsehood never screens,
True to his friend, for ever true
As when life first began,
A Briton that I call true blue;
I love an Honest Man.

He keeps time at his daily work,
Working, let what will come;
He'll earn his money, and not shirk,
And always go straight home.
No tap-room lounging sot is he,
No slave of pipe and can;
Or he would be no friend for me,
I love an Honest Man.

I've known my friend for twenty years,
A friend as true as steel;
Through brawls and strikes he always steers,
And rides on tumult's wheel.
Or slack, or busy, he's the same.
And does the best he can;
But never tarnishes his name;
I love an Honest Man.

He's saved the money—bought his house;
And though of humble rank,
And wearing still the workman's blouse,
Has money in the bank!
He doesn't drink, or fight, or swear,
Nor wear the drunkard's ban;
His goodness sweetens every care,
I love an Honest Man.

Together we are growing old,
But not with gloom o'ercast;
For future hopes and joys unfold,
All brighter than the past.
To speak the truth, and do the right,
That is the saving plan!
My friendship is a pure delight,—
I love an Honest Man.

#### I'M GOING FOR A SAILOR.

I'm going for a Sailor,
Hurrah for the broad sea!
Only fancy me, a tailor!
Wouldn't that be a spree?
I have loved the mighty ocean
Right on from childhood's days,
And dreamed of its commotion,
And its deep, swirling bays.

It's in my bones and marrow,
And runs in every vein!
Land-life is all too narrow,
I long to scour the main.
O, take me out of sight of land!
I want to cross the line;
A Sailor upon deck to stand,
And call old ocean mine.

They say the sea's uproarious,
And foams with rage, and swells;
That makes it the more glorious,
And charms me with its spells!
When from its hidden fountains
The wrestling waters rise,
Rolling like giant mountains,
Uplifting toward the skies.

It fills my soul with wonder,
And I shout hurrah! and gaze;
Welcome ye crashing thunders,
And you, ye lightnings, blaze!
When the hurricane is screaming,
And the stars are sealed in night,
It answers to my dreaming,
And fills me with delight.

I have no time for fearing,
Sea life is what I love;
Out of sight of land and hearing
Is the bliss I long to prove.
Thousands of miles away from land,
Where the ocean waves flow free,
Cyclones and waterspouts so grand,
Are the sights I want to see!

The tempest makes me grow more fond,
How I hate a smooth, dull sea!
Like Uncle Hodge's mill pond,—
The ocean's storm for me!
With the billowy sails unfurling,
To fly before the wind;
Where surf and foam are whirling
In freedom unrestrained.

I'm going for a Sailor;
Kind father, don't oppose!
Fred was born to be a tailor;
He'll stay and mend your clothes.
Sweet mother leave off weeping,
Your Albert will take care;
He'll dream of you when sleeping,
And love you everywhere.

Proud of old England's pennant, Your Sailor-boy will roam; Now Middy—then Lieutenant, And always true to home. I'm sure I shan't grow paler Because I serve the Queen; So kiss your dear Boy-sailor, And no more tears be seen.

### THE MOUNTAIN RILL.

There's a little Rill runs down the hill,
And it's never tired of running;
Watering the flowers in sunny hours,
And no work or trouble shunning.
It bubbles up in a granite cup,
And, gently overflowing,
It spreads and swells through rocks and fells,
And evermore is going.

O, beautiful Rill which leaps down the hill
On its mission of duty and love;
Curving and bending, yet joyously wending
Down from the fountain above.
It merrily flows, and sings as it goes,
Never dried up in summerly drought;
And the song is not lost when winterly frost,
With tempests and snow-drifts are out.

The flowers on its brink stoop and gracefully drink,
And so do the song-birds in Spring;
And in the whitethorn, from evening till morn,
You may hear the nightingale sing.
And the oak and the beech, were their language in speech,
Would tell, of this bright little Rill,
How their roots gather strength, and substance, and length,
While they drink in as much as they will.

So may we be found spreading happiness round, Doing good, and never tired or weary; Onward still pressing, in kindness and blessing, Like this little streamlet so cheery. Fed from the fountain up on the mountain, And alive with love and good will; Singing our way, by night and by day, Like this beautiful Mountain Rill.

#### MY MOTHER!

Under the cypress, by the old church door, Sleeps one I love, and love for evermore; No one can fill *her* place, or e'er remove The sweet remembrance of her hallowed love—My Mother.

She taught me A B C with constant care,
And often kissed me, smoothing down my hair;
My first words echoed on her listening ear,
And my first steps she watched with love and fear—
My Mother.

She often told me that her darling boy
Was all her heart's delight, and her chief joy;
My earliest lisping prayer and hymn she heard,
And taught me my first lessons, word by word—
My Mother.

When I was weak and sick, I've seeen her weep, Sit by my little cot and watch-night keep, Smiling again when health and strength returned; With love incessant over me she yearned— My Mother.

In boyhood's thoughtless days—in giddy youth She trained my steps to walk in paths of truth, Gave me my Bible, Hymns, and Book of Prayer, Pointed to God's own house, and led me there— My Mother.

I had just reached my teens, when fever came, Death shot his arrow with unerring aim—
My Mother died, but deathless is her love,
Which every day of life I live to prove—
My Mother.

#### PICK UP YOUR TOOLS AND STRIKE!

Up brothers! join the Union,
If liberty you like;
This is the time for action,
Up! fellow workmen, Strike!
We're dupes of wrong and evil,
As all our comrades know;
Our master is the Devil,
Our wages bitter woe!

Up brothers!—Strike like Britons!
Stand to your flag, like men;
Strike against drink and swearing,
Take not God's name in vain.
Strike against filthy talking,
And slander, slang, and lies;
Stop in your downward walking,
And join the good and wise.

Up brothers! join the Union,
If happiness you like;
Give up your drunken revels,
Be brave and manly—Strike!
Don't stop until to-morrow,
To-day shake off your chains;
You have had enough of sorrow,
Enough of brawls and pains.

Strike against drink for ever!

Dash down the poisonous cup,
The maddening glass—and never
Stoop down to pick it up.
Think of your wives and children,
In poverty half starved;
Those wretched homes, my brothers,
Yourselves have cut and carved.

Despair, and sore affliction
Where comfort once I saw;
The Devil's malediction,
Cold—hunger—beds of straw!
Up brother! join the Union,
And vow no more to roam;
Strike!—and give up the alehouse
For comfort, love, and home.

Up brothers! join the Union;
The thin end of the wedge
Is to give up drink and swearing,—
On your knees, and sign the pledge.
If you love your wife and children,
And good wages if you like,
Your hand, mate! join the Union,
Pick up your tools and Strike!

#### KATEY LEE.

Out at harvest, reaping,
At Hobbs's, on the weald,
Quick stroke with sickle keeping,
Like others in the field,
I couldn't help a-minding
One lass that followed me,
My corn-sheaves nimbly binding,
And that was Katey Lee.

Soon was I in sad pickle,
With feelings new and strange;
I couldn't work my sickle,
Or understand the change.
And when Katey overtook me,
Bright, beautiful, and free,
A sudden tremor shook me,
And all through Katey Lee.

My comrades shouted, jeering—
"John is in love with Kate!"
So I laughed and shouted, fearing
Such really was my fate.
True love's a noble feeling,
As pure as pure can be;
Some one my heart was stealing—
And that was Katey Lee.

I was only a beginner,
I never loved till then,
But I couldn't eat my dinner,
Nor talk like other men.

And they made a rout and racket, And cracked their jokes on me; And I forgot my jacket, Thinking of Katey Lee.

That night I lay a-dreaming,
Such dreams as fancy weaves;
Kate's eyes were sweetly smiling
As she was binding sheaves.
And at the earliest dawning,
Didn't my heart leap to see,
The first to say "Good morning"
And smile, was Katey Lee.

I had no mind for waiting
As some do. months and years,
So I popped the question—stating
All my hopes and fears.
My Katey listened, blushing,
But lisped consent to me;
And while the tears were gushing,
I kissed my Katey Lee.

Not long we courting tarried;
A house and garden plot
Was ours, before we married
And joined our happy lot.
The love-knot, now unravelling,
Was tied on bended knee;
And life's journey I am travelling
With my Katey Lee.

Ten years and more have vanished Since that my brightest day; And daily love has banished
And driven care and strife away.
Six girls and boys rejoicing,
Ring out their mirth and glee;
I shall never leave off voicing
The praise of Katey Lee.

## THE TRUE-BORN ENGLISHMAN.

The Patriot is bold and brave,
Wherever we may find him;
He loathes the coward, spurns the knave,
And leaves the fool behind him.
He lives to guard his country's right,
So match him, if you can;
In stalwart might, or freedom's fight,
The True-born Englishman.

He cannot cringe, and curve his back,
Like lacquey—always bending;
But walks along the freeman's track
Erect, but condescending.
No braggart boaster,—stern, yet mild,
That is the Briton's plan;
Nature's own child, by love beguiled,—
The True-born Englishman.

His liberty is built on law, In truth and justice founded; Before him rebels soon withdraw,
And traitor's fly confounded.
He helps himself, and God helps him,
His country is his clan;
And so he serves her, life and limb—
The True-born Englishman.

Let but the foeman venture near,
His native land invading,
Up starts the British Volunteer!
Out bursts the cannonading!
And, soon displayed, his glittering blade
Flames in the battle's van;
To live or die, but never fly—
The True-born Englishman.

He's always loyal to the throne,
And England, and her Queen;
And fearing none, but God alone,
No bolder man is seen.
A man abroad, a man at home,
His actions all may scan;
A man, wherever he may roam,
A True-born Englishman.

The Patriot is bold and brave,
Wherever we may find him;
He loathes the coward, spurns the knave,
And leaves the fool behind him.
He lives to guard his country's right,
So match him, if you can;
In stalwart might, or freedom's fight—
The True-born Englishman.



